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THE PEOPLE, AND THEIR OPINIONS.

THOUGH our personal stake in this country is small indeed, we have a heartfelt interest in the peace and prosperity of "the tight little island." We look back upon all the vicissitudes and changes it has undergone during the whole period of the Christian era, with a feeling far stronger than that of curiosity; we love the country for what it has been, and for what it is; and we trust that, under Providence, Britain—with her free institutions, her unparalleled combination of capital and skill, her energy, her intelligence, and her moral power—will long continue to diffuse divine and human knowledge, to spread the arts and the sciences over the earth. We firmly believe, that anything which would upset the stability of the government and laws of Great Britain would be a calamity to the whole human race—a calamity whose disastrous influence would be felt through many future ages.

Actuated by these feelings, our readers will not be surprised to learn that we have been exceedingly solicitous to ascertain, as far as lay in our power, the actual temper of the PEOPLE, without reference to mere party questions or political strife. To this purpose we have devoted a considerable portion of time during the last few months; endeavoured, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, to elicit opinions from all sorts of people; tried to test these opinions, by ascertaining, if it were possible, whether they were the produce of thought and deep-seated feeling, or merely the idle gossip of the moment; and, avoiding all reference to the names of political parties or public men, contrived to gather "voices" on many public matters. At some personal inconvenience, we have endured the effluvia of taprooms, and the genteeler but frequently as little endurable atmospheres of tavern parlours; talked in coffee-rooms and in stage-coaches; and always made an effort to get into circles in steam-boats or otherwise. We have acted the "spy," unquestionably, but it was for an honest purpose; and our readers may give us credit for the affirmation, that the following summary of results is honestly drawn up from no small number of "observations."

One thing we are quite satisfied about, if people speak their minds on this topic, that there is no danger to be apprehended from any *general* insurrection; and that, amongst all the more intelligent of the working class, and more especially amongst those immediately above them, there is no sympathy with attempts to subvert law and authority by violence. That there is a large number amongst the working classes, who, if not ready to join efforts to overthrow government by force of arms, do yet more or less sympathise with such attempts, is unfortunately too true. But these are chiefly congregated in particular districts; and even amongst them are large numbers of thoughtful and intelligent working men who deprecate "physical force," and are feelingly alive to the injury inflicted on their cause by the reckless conduct of half-enlightened and violent individuals. Owing to the number of half-enlightened workmen in particular districts, conjoined with the fact that a small number might easily throw an entire community into confusion, there is and has been danger: but venturing

to reason from small to great, it may be stated as an absolute fact, that the PEOPLE—that is, the majority of working men, middle men, and, taking in all ranks and classes, a very large proportion of the grown-up people of this country—would, if polled to-morrow, give their honest and hearty votes for peace, order, submission to law and authority; and would, as with a voice of thunder, repudiate the insanity which would threaten the stability of whatever is dear and precious in our institutions.

And yet, in connexion with this very topic, there is a strong feeling on the subject of CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS. Men turn away from the idea of persons being put to death, even though, by their conduct, they should have led to the deaths of others, and put much life and property in peril. "No, no, no!" is the all but universal sentiment; "no hangings, no beheadings, no brutalities!" This is matter for unfeigned thankfulness; it shows that the feeling of mercy is entering deep into the hearts and sentiments of the mass of the people; that they feel that LIFE is too precious to be wantonly extinguished, as it used to be, in the times of our ignorance; and that other measures must be taken, to reclaim from vice, from crime, and violence, ignorant and unhappy men, than by depriving them of that existence given by Almighty God. Assuredly, the changes in the punishments awarded by our criminal laws did not precede a change of opinion on the part of the people, but rather lagged behind it. When will that hideous monstrosity be swept away, which directs that the bodies of certain kinds of criminals are to be divided into quarters? Every individual has felt its shocking incongruity in a recent case; and because it is difficult to dissociate the idea of a fair and beautiful young woman from her "kingly" office, people have turned away with loathing from those terms, in which SHE, to whom the general voice wishes long life and happiness, receives power to dispose of the mutilated fragments of men's bodies in such a manner as SHE shall direct! True, everybody knows that this portion of such a sentence is a nullity—but why does it stand in the BOOK? We have seen execution for treason in this free and enlightened country—God grant that we may never even hear of another! In this we know that we have the hearty *Amen* of almost every man amongst "the People."

It is no mere figure of speech—no mere empty declamation—to say that reverence for institutions, simply because they are *ancient*, has all but crumbled into ruin in the hearts and feelings of the People. The process has been long going on; but we have had abundant proof that the ruin is nearly complete. What may arise out of such a state of *sentiment* we do not know; but anxiously do we hope that the warnings and advice given, from time to time, by deep-thinking men, who are standing aloof from mere party association, will be heedfully regarded by our statesmen. If you use the words "Tory," "Whig," "Conservative," or "Radical," or pin your faith to the sleeve of a public man's reputation, and speak out in a mixed company, as if you were a decided partisan, you may immediately provoke a collision of opinion, or a war of words, and immediately it may appear as if parties were determinedly united, and eager to swallow one another up. But talk in a quiet way with Conservatives or Whigs, or Radicals—that is, with men who take these names as badges, but have no direct association with any particular party—and you

will elicit much which tends to show that party names are losing their force and significance. It is entering, in great power, into the hearts of the People, that GOVERNMENT is a mere machine for their benefit, which may be fitted, adjusted, mended, or improved, according as it works well or ill. The great mass of the hard-working people—we are not writing rashly or unadvisedly—care very little about Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, or Act of Settlement; and their ideas or reasoning may be truthfully expressed in the following manner:—Here we are; our forefathers are dead; we must live; we want to live and let live; how is this to be effected? Certainly, they say, not by blindly adhering to the prescriptions or advice of our forefathers, who did not know under what circumstances we might be placed, *but by taking care of ourselves*. We do not say that these very words have been used in our hearing; but we do say that it expresses a very universal sentiment, and that we have heard such opinions coming from the lips of men, who, if questioned as to their political creeds, would have attached themselves, by name, to very different parties. We rest perfectly satisfied, that in the course of a very few years—and how much has been done in the last ten!—that mass of the People whom we may term the MILLION will have it as an all-abiding and all-operative portion of their political faith, that GOVERNMENT exists solely on account of its rationality, and not at all because of its antiquity; and that they will put forth hands to mend or mar, according to the degree of their intelligence or their ignorance. Chartism is a signal proof of this; and let no man hug himself into the belief that it is extinguished. Like the whale of the Southern Ocean, it has received the harpoon, and for a season may run down into the deep: but it may reappear once more on the surface, and even if it dies, may still, in its dying agonies, sweep destruction around it. Oh, that our public men were wise! that they would drop party strife and personal animosities, and unite to pour the benefits of a just and a generous education through the entire mass of the People! But the thing is apparently hopeless, at least in our day; and all true friends of the People, instead of wasting their time and strength in application to Parliament, should work as they best can in the instruction of their fellows. If Britain is to flourish long and well, it must be by the combined and conjoined intelligence and moderation of her middle and working classes; and we are not without strong hope, that a sad and foolish dissociation of interests will be discarded, and wiser counsels prevail in their stead.

Connected with the ideas of government, there are certain words or phrases which still linger amongst us like the ghosts of past existences. One of these is the word *LOYALTY*. It has been much used of late. Towards the QUEEN, personally, there seems, on the whole, to be a very excellent feeling pervading the mass of the People. We do believe that the most violent "physical force" man—unless he were a mere ruffian—would not stand by to suffer a hair of her head to be injured. The great mass of the People seem to have a strong regard for her; her youth, her beauty, and her marriage, are all favourite topics. But if you were to ask any one of the People, if he were a *loyal* man, he would be apt to laugh in your face. One person in a working jacket, to whom we casually put the question—he was really an intelligent operative—repeated the word two or three times: "Loyal, loyal, loyal—why what's the use on't?" We at first thought he went on the *quid pro quo* principle; that he was animated by the spirit expressed by Rochester, when, alluding to Blood, who stole the crown from the Tower of London, and was afterwards rewarded, whilst the man who rescued the crown was neglected, he exclaims:—

"Since loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the king, and outdo Blood!"

But we found that he was inquiring as to the *rationale* of loyalty; and we afterwards found the disposition to ask "the use on't" to be very strong; or, as one man drolly said, "to make it stand on its legs to be looked at." It seemed to be considered as a matter with which the bulk of the People had nothing to do; that it was all very well for folks who were in the way of visiting her, or seeing

her, or of getting some reward or mark of distinction from her, to talk about their loyalty, or personal devotedness: but that, as to the People, the word loyalty was fudge or humbug. We are not expressing this view of the matter too strongly; the disposition to treat loyalty as humbug is very general.

An *economical* principle, in relation to government, is exceedingly strong and exceedingly universal. The private character of an illustrious widow is spoken of, by those who have opportunities of knowing, as very amiable, kind, benevolent,—in fact, as being composed of all that can adorn the private life of a worthy and wealthy lady. Yet we were partially astonished to find that the mention of her name always produced irritable feeling. No man amongst the struggling classes—be his political principles what they may—whom we heard open his mouth on the subject, ever dismissed her name without alluding, in terms of anger or even of disgust, to the enormous amount of annual income assigned her. We mention this with great reluctance, and would not have done so, if we did not find the sentiment to be absolutely universal. In the same way, an intense anxiety was felt to know the amount of income which would be assigned to a young man, who comes amongst us under very favourable circumstances, the impressions current respecting his character and qualifications disposing everybody to wish all manner of happiness, and to look hopefully forward. The economical feeling to which we allude is something very different in degree from the good old habit of grumbling for which John Bull is proverbial. It is rather the result of a kind of sober, deliberate calculation; a comparative estimate of value given and value received, the measure of which is the now greatly-increased difficulty of obtaining comfortable and easy existence in this country. People in easy circumstances, and who are not subjected to the torturing processes of raising cash to meet demands, can have no idea of the amount of easily-irritated feeling—call it *envy*, if you will—which can be roused in struggling people's minds, whenever they are led casually to make a comparison between the amount and security of certain incomes, and the variable, uncertain, and insecure nature of their own. The severe pressure which has existed, and will exist, in trade and commerce, has roused into activity a spirit of depreciating comparison, the extent of which would startle any one who has not been in the habit of listening to the casual talk of all manner of strugglers. And more than that, it is stirring into painful operation habits of intellectual exercise and investigation. People who, when trade was good, and labour in demand, would have turned away from political economy, as from a "bore," and to whom the subjects of corn and currency were abstruse and mysterious, now endeavour to comprehend the arguments on these vexed questions; they feel themselves distressed, and likely for some time to remain so, and they begin to ask, with earnestness, what is the cause of it?

That amongst the mass of hand-workers for bread, the primary cause of distress is considered to be political inferiority, nobody need question, for it is obvious enough. Whether rightly or wrongly they urge their demands—whether they argue skilfully or unskilfully—whether they have clear conceptions of the nature of their claims, or confused, dim, indistinct notions of improvement or equality—no man need hesitate to doubt, for a moment, that amongst the hand-working MILLION there prevails a deep-seated and intense conviction that they are unjustly held in a state of political inferiority. This stands as one of the *FACTS* of our day and generation, which no appeals to the past can charm away, and no threats for the future can awe down into quiescence. There it is, fermenting in the popular MIND, and which will, and that before very long, produce a spirit potent enough to overthrow all barriers, unless restrained by wisdom, prudence, and skill. Much might be done to abate the force of this sentiment, in opening up channels, through which the crowd of struggling labourers might see their way from mere existence to something better than mere existence. But it is not our present purpose to suggest remedies: we are merely stating *facts*; and this one and all-important fact, familiar as it is to every person's mind, cannot be repeated too often, that amongst the "million" there prevails a deep-seated,

intense conviction of political injustice, by which they are held in a state of political and social inferiority; and that from having no share, or little share, in the construction, management, or administration of government arises primarily all their distress, and all their wrongs.

This is immediately, though not mediately, the fruit of political agitation and "diffusion of knowledge." Those who opposed or sneered at the "diffusion of useful knowledge," on the ground that it would unsettle people's minds, were so far consistent and prophetic. It were impossible to call on an ignorant people, bidding them claim their intellectual birth-right, and to ascend to the level of all the great minds of the past and the present, without sowing the seeds of bitter but immortal fruit. The spirit that now animates the mass of the working people of Great Britain may be enlightened, it may be guided, it may be advised, but it will never die.

Another matter which provokes the idea of political injustice and inferiority is that of EMIGRATION. In spite of ourselves, we are local creatures; and all intelligent people who have quitted their native localities have had a greater or lesser struggle with local habits, sympathies, and associations. No wonder then that the question should be so often put—Why should we quit the land of our nativity? What crime have we committed that we should be compelled to turn exiles, and undergo all the penalties of departure, and all the miseries of a new settlement? If EMIGRATION were practised on a grand scale, rightfully planned, rightfully conducted, and on conditions worthy of an empire, much, very much, of this feeling would be dissipated; Hope would not shrink back, from fear of disappointment, nor shudder to make the experiment: and as large ventures have the best chance of large returns, extended emigration might yet nobly repay a nation which can afford to give twenty millions to planters, and spend its thousands annually on solitary individuals.

There are many agitated questions which do not find their way into the popular mind, but revolve in certain circles. For instance, the mass of the people know as little about the "Oxford theology" as they know about the creed and catechism of the man in the moon. The great body, too, of the *English* people know very little about the ecclesiastical strife now agitating Scotland. As little did they know about the question between the courts of law and one branch of the legislature, until the perpetual repetition of the matter in the newspapers began to accustom them to the idea, and gradually to see its nature. Yet all these questions are fruitful in future results. They all work their way downwards, and produce both their good and their ill.

For ourselves, we may close this paper by a dim outline of our own political faith. We reverence the past, because the past is full of experience for the future; we reverence existing institutions, because under them millions of our accountable fellow-men and countrymen have lived and died, and gone to add all their moral histories to that vast amount, the summary and the moral of which will be given on the great DAY OF AUDIT. But we do not reverence the past, if it is to bind us for the future; we know of no law, no right, and no necessity, by which ancestors can load descendants, or by which those who are not so far advanced as ourselves can prescribe the conditions of existence for those who are much beyond them in that summary of wisdom—*experience*. As man was not made for the sabbath, but the sabbath for man, so the people were not created for government, but government for the people. And as the end or object of government is the protection of the people, the people should never change or alter their form of government without high and sufficient reasons, and a decided conviction on the part of the great majority that a change is necessary, and will be beneficial. Above all, do we think that changes for MORAL purposes should be effected by MORAL means; order and harmony reign in the dominions of the KING OF THE UNIVERSE; and all who reverence the "God that is above," may more, all who are guided solely by the lowest dictates of common sense, will pause ere they seek for better government by the shedding of blood, or the destruction of property.

NEW ZEALAND AND EMIGRATION.

In No. 54 of the "London Saturday Journal," we gave some account of the Islands known by the general title of New Zealand, and intimated our intention of pursuing the subject, more especially as regards the probable success of emigrants to that country. This we are the more desirous of doing, as we have, through the medium of our "Letter Box," received very numerous requests for information and advice regarding Emigration to New Zealand and other places, to which the remarks we purpose making in the course of this article may be considered in the light of a general reply. But as our observations will at present be particularly directed to the situation and prospects of New Zealand, it will be necessary, in the first place, to enter into some details respecting its climate, soil, productions, population, &c.

The New Zealand group consists of two large islands, called the Northern and Southern—a smaller island called Stewart's, to the extreme south, and several adjacent islets. The group extends in length from north to south, from the 34th to the 48th degrees of south latitude, and in breadth from east to west, from the 166th to the 179th degree of east longitude. The extreme length exceeds 800 miles, and the average breadth, which is very variable, is about 100 miles. The surface of the islands is estimated to contain 95,000 square miles, or about 60,000,000 of acres, being a territory nearly as large as Great Britain, of which, after allowing for mountainous districts and water, it is believed that two-thirds are susceptible of beneficial cultivation. A chain of lofty mountains intersects the whole of the Southern, and a great part of the Northern Island. Some of these reach the height of 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, and are covered with perpetual snow. Besides the chain, which forms as it were the back-bone of the islands, there are outlines, and subordinate ranges of hills, covered for the most part with wood up to the verge of the continual snow, but in some instances clothed with a species of fern. This plant grows in great profusion all over the country; the roots are eatable and are frequently used as food by the natives, who roast or bake it, and it also serves as excellent fodder for cattle. Thus, as Capt. Fitzroy observed in his evidence before the Lords' Committee, "no one can starve in New Zealand."

New Zealand is considered to be of volcanic origin, and among the mountains several volcanoes are yet burning; but eruptions and earthquakes are unknown, even traditionally. The soil, in many places, bears a striking resemblance to the volcanic regions of Italy and Sicily, and is represented as singularly adapted to the cultivation of the vine. The soil, generally speaking, is very good; it is described as chiefly a rich loamy soil, with fine vegetable mould in some places; as very productive—a fact evidenced by the luxuriant growth of the forest trees, and the perfect success which has attended the cultivation of wheat, potatoes, and every other plant or fruit whose introduction has hitherto been attempted. Mr. Yate, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, thus describes it. "We have every variety of soil. Large tracts of good land, available for the cultivation of wheat, barley, maize, beans, peas, &c., with extensive valleys of rich, alluvial soil, deposited from the hills and mountains, and covered with the richest vegetation, which it supports summer and winter. We have also a deep, rank, vegetable mould, with a stiff, marly sub-soil, capable of being slaked or pulverised with the ashes of the fern. All English grasses flourish well, but the white clover never seeds: and where the fern has been destroyed, a strong native grass, something of the nature of the canary-grass, grows in its place, and effectually prevents the fern from springing up again. Every diversity of European fruit and vegetable flourishes in New Zealand."

The insular position of New Zealand and the presence of high mountains, preserve the atmosphere from oppressive heat, and occasion frequent showers, which support vegetation. Mr. Earle, the draftsman to the surveying-ship, the *Beagle*, who spent nine months in New Zealand, thus expresses himself. "Although we were situated in the same latitude as Sydney, we found the climate infinitely superior. Moderate heats, and beautifully clear skies, succeeded each other every day. We were quite free from those oppressive feverish heats, which invariably prevail in the middle of the day at Sydney, and from those hot, pestilential winds which are the terror of the inhabitants of New South Wales; nor were we subject to those long droughts which are often the ruin of the Australian farmer. The temperature here was neither too hot or too cold—neither too wet nor too dry." This statement is fully confirmed by other writers; but our limits preclude us from indulging in long extracts.

The chief natural productions of New Zealand are timber and flax. Of the former there are many varieties, several being excellently adapted for ship-building. One of them, the cowdie, a species of pine, is excellently fitted for masts and spars for large ships. The Board of Admiralty has lately been in the frequent habit of procuring supplies of it by contract for the use of the Royal Navy. Establishments have been formed for the purpose of procuring spars for shipping, as well as timber for house-building, and several vessels have been built in the New Zealand rivers by English merchants, assisted by the natives.

Flax, or the *Phormium tenax*, grows wild in all parts, and appears to be indigenous and inexhaustible. It is of a good quality, and never fails in the European market, except from the improper manner in which it is dressed by the natives, who have no machinery, and satisfy themselves with separating the fibres of the vegetable, and rolling them upon the thigh with the hands. The fibre is in fact twice as strong as that of the common flax, and very nearly equal in tenacity to that of silk. At Sydney, it is manufactured both into cordage and canvas; and if proper machinery were introduced into New Zealand, there can be little doubt that persons living upon the spot, and superintending their own establishments, would produce a very marketable commodity.

So little has hitherto been done towards obtaining a perfect knowledge of the country, almost all European enterprise having been heretofore confined to the northern part of the Northern Island, that all its resources, especially those of the Southern Island, which is comparatively unknown, cannot be expected to be yet developed. The mountains are probably rich in metallic ores, and among the mineral productions actually discovered, are iron in abundance, coal, bitumen, freestone, marble, and the purest sulphur. The natives use a blue pigment, probably manganese, and a valuable green stone is found exclusively in the Southern Island. This substance is soft when first dug up, but by exposure to the air, becomes as hard as agate, and semi-transparent. The whole country abounds in clay fit for brick-making and other purposes.

No native quadrupeds exist, but those which have been introduced have thriven. The first pigs were left by Captain Cook, and the stock being increased by the visits of whaling vessels, there are now numerous herds running wild in the woods, besides numbers reared by the natives and settlers, for the supply of the numerous vessels which frequent the coast. Dogs abound, especially at the Bay of Islands, and are employed by the natives in hunting down the wild hogs; but they are supposed, from the Spanish name *pero* assigned to them, to have been introduced by Juan Fernandez. The cat (*puihi*, New Zealand for *pussy*) is eaten by the natives, and its skin is highly prized. The New Zealand rat, which is also an article of food, was probably imported by European vessels. Both cattle and sheep have been introduced, and have succeeded well; the samples of wool which have been exported are of a very excellent quality; but, it is not as a grazing country that New Zealand must be expected to excel. There is quite sufficient variety in the land to afford opportunities for raising sufficient live stock for home consumption, and for exportation to a limited extent; but it is not as a pastoral, but as a manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural people that her future inhabitants must look for success.

Closely approximating in its relation to the countries of the southern hemisphere, with that of Great Britain to those of the northern; like it, surrounded with harbours, and intersected with navigable streams; possessing a soil as generous, and a climate more equable and temperate, New Zealand will probably become "the great country of that part of the world," a term used by Mr. Montefiore in his examination before the Lords' Committee in 1838, and in our opinion very justly applied.

There is one point in which the colonisation of New Zealand must necessarily assume a very different character from that of any other of our emigration fields, and this is the character and position of the natives. These people widely differ from the wretched tribes who are scattered over Australia, and from the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, who are too much influenced by the enervating effects of climate. The New Zealanders, although still savages, possess all the mental and bodily requisites needful for a quick progression in the scale of humanity. They hail the approach of European civilisation; are most anxious to avail themselves of its benefits; but being at the same time perfectly aware of the evils of a lawless community, are no less anxious for the establishment of a sufficient curb on the licentiousness of those who have already done them too much mischief.

Mr. Ward, the Secretary of the New Zealand Company, in a small volume entitled "Information relative to New Zealand,"* which contains a very fair and candid exposition of all the points most necessary for the guidance of the emigrants, gives the following account of them, which we extract, as containing much in a few words, and being perfectly accordant with the accounts of other writers, may be regarded as free from any imputation of partiality.

"There is a natural politeness and grandeur in their deportment, a yearning after poetry, music, and the fine arts, a wit and eloquence, that remind us, in reading all the accounts of them, and in conversing with those who have resided among them, of the Greeks of Homer. Their language is rich and sonorous, abounding in metaphysical distinctions, and they uphold its purity most tenaciously, although they had no knowledge of writing until the missionaries reduced their dialect to a grammatical form. It is radically the same with that of Tahiti, and of the kindred nations. They have an abundance of poetry of a lyrical kind, of which we have seen many specimens, in a metre which seems regulated by a regard to quantity, as in Greek and Latin. They are passionately fond of music. Mr. Nicholas (in his "Narrative of a Voyage to New Zealand in 1817,") speaks of "a plaintive and melodious air, which seemed not unlike some of our sacred music in many of its turns, as it forcibly reminded me of the chanting in our cathedrals." They excel in carving, of which their war canoes, carrying one hundred men, are specimens.† They display their natural talents also in their pursuit of astronomy. Mr. Nicholas assures us that "they remain awake during the greater part of night in the summer season, watching the motions of the heavens, and making inquiries concerning the time when such and such a star will appear. They have given names to each of them, and divided them into constellations, and have likewise connected them with some curious traditions, which they hold in superstitious veneration. If the star they look for does not appear at the time it is expected to be seen, they become extremely solicitous about the cause of its absence, and immediately relate the traditions which they have received concerning it." Baron Hugel, a distinguished botanist, who visited the country, affirms, as do the missionaries, that there is not, in the Northern Island at least, a single tree, vegetable, or even weed, a fish, or a bird, for which the natives have not a name; and that those names are universally known. Baron Hugel was at first incredulous about this; he thought that with a ready wit they invented names; but, on questioning other individuals in distant places, he found them always to agree.

"The most striking of their social institutions is that of chieftainship. Society is divided into three principal gradations: the Areekees, or chieftains; the Rangatiras, being the gentry or middle class, and the Cookees or slaves. The Rangatiras are bound to serve the Areekees only in war; but the Cookees are held in complete slavery by the combination of the other two orders. Prisoners taken in war, if permitted to live, are reduced to the condition of slaves. The ransom of a slave is easily effected, but slavery is, notwithstanding, a source of grievous evils to the lower classes of natives, which the introduction of British laws appears to be the only effectual mode of suppressing. The upper classes, whilst they have a certain feeling of honour, often treat their inferiors with great barbarity, against which there is at present no adequate control.

"The habitations of the natives are in little villages, or groups of huts, scattered thinly among the coasts and harbours, the mountains of the interior not being inhabited. The villages are sometimes on the top of a hill or promontory, and within a rude fortification called a *pah*. Wars are constantly occurring between the different tribes, and when once begun they pass from one tribe to another till the whole country is in an uproar. Feuds are prolonged

* Information relative to New Zealand, compiled for the use of colonists by John Ward, Esq., Secretary to the New Zealand Company. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. Parker, 1840. Price Two shillings.

† Mr. Earle, an artist of no mean pretensions, speaks warmly of their excellence in this art, displayed not only on their canoes, but their houses; and he also mentions, with true professional enthusiasm, the remarkable talent shown by a celebrated tattooer, Aranghie; "I was astonished," he says, "to see with what boldness and precision Aranghie drew his designs upon the skin, and what beautiful ornaments he produced; no rule and compasses could be more exact than the lines and circles he formed." He adds, "he copied so well and seemed to enter with such interest into the few lessons of painting I gave him, that if I were returning from here direct to England, I would certainly bring him with me, as I look upon him as a great natural genius." This man was but a Cookee or slave, but by the exercise of his art had acquired considerable property, which he was allowed to enjoy unmolested. Such a fact is certainly an evidence of a superior moral condition.

by the custom of every chief exacting payment in kind for the relatives which he may have lost in battle. There is however an officer, bearing the venerable character of a herald or peace-maker, whose mediation is employed to bring about reconciliations."

It is evident that such a people as have been described above, possess all the natural requisites for forming a very valuable part of a civilised community. They have always cordially co-operated with the missionaries in all their schemes for their social improvement, and Europeans have universally met not only with hospitality, but aid and protection in the prosecution of useful designs. The New Zealand Company has set an example which we trust will be followed, and by a scheme for the amalgamation of the native and emigrant population, which promises the very best effects, have opened a new era in the annals of civilisation.

We extract the Instructions on this head given to Colonel Wakefield, the Company's principal agent, in command of the expedition which sailed in May last, and with them must for the present conclude, but in our next Number we shall resume the subject.

"In one respect, you will not fail to establish a very important difference between the purchases of the Company and those which have hitherto been made by every other class of buyers. Wilderness land, it is true, is worth nothing to its native owners, or worth nothing more than the trifle they can obtain for it. We are not, therefore, to make much account of the utter inadequacy of the purchase-money, according to English notions of the value of land. The land is really of no value, and can become valuable only by means of a great outlay of capital on immigration and settlement. But at the same time it may be doubted, whether the native owners have ever been entirely aware of the consequences that would result from such cessions as have already been made to a great extent of the whole of the lands of a tribe. Justice demands, not merely that these consequences should be as far as possible explained to them, but that the superior intelligence of the buyers should also be exerted to guard them against the evils which, after all, they may not be capable of anticipating. The danger to which they are exposed, and which they cannot well foresee, is that of finding themselves entirely without landed property, and therefore without consideration, in the midst of a society where, through immigration and settlement, land has become a valuable property. Absolutely they would suffer little or nothing from having parted with land which they do not use, and cannot exchange; but relatively they would suffer a great deal, inasmuch as their social position would be very inferior to that of the race who had settled amongst them, and given value to their now worthless territory. If the advantage of the natives alone were consulted, it would be better perhaps that they should remain for ever the savages that they are. This consideration appears never to have occurred to any of those who have hitherto purchased lands from the natives of New Zealand. It was first suggested by the New Zealand Association of 1837; and it has great weight with the present Company. In accordance with a plan which the Association of 1837 was desirous that a legislative enactment should extend to every purchase of land from the natives, as well past as future, you will take care to mention in every *booka-booka*, or contract for land, that a proportion of the territory ceded, equal to one-tenth of the whole, will be reserved by the Company, and held in trust by them for the future benefit of the chief families of the tribe. With the assistance of Naiti*, who is perfectly aware of the value of land in England, and of such of the more intelligent natives as have visited the neighbouring colonies, you will readily explain that, after English emigration and settlement, a tenth of the land will be far more valuable than the whole was before. And you must endeavour to point out, as is the fact, that the intention of the Company is not to make reserves for the native owners in large blocks, as has been the common practice as to Indian reserves in North America, whereby settlement is impeded, and the savages are encouraged to continue savage, living apart from the civilised community—but in the same way, in the same allotments, and to the same effect, as if the reserved lands had been purchased from the Company on behalf of the natives.

"A perfect example of this mode of proceeding will occur soon after your departure from England. As respects a territory purchased from the natives by Lieut. McDonnell, the late British resident at Hokianga (who is well known to some of the chiefs of the tribe occupying both sides of Cook's Strait), and from him purchased by the Company, we intend to sell in England, to persons

* A native of New Zealand who went out in the first vessel despatched by the Company, as interpreter.

intending to settle in New Zealand and others, a certain number of orders for equal quantities of land (say 100 acres each), which orders will entitle each holder thereof, or his agent, to select, according to a priority of choice to be determined by lot, from the whole territory laid open for settlement, the quantity of land named in the order, including a certain portion of the site of the first town. And one-tenth of these land-orders will be reserved by the Company, for the chief families of the tribe by whom the land was originally sold, in the same way precisely as if the lots had been purchased on behalf of the natives. The priority of choice for the native allotments being determined by lot as in the case of actual purchasers, the selection will be made by an officer of the Company expressly charged with that duty, and made publicly responsible for its performance. Wherever a settlement is formed, therefore, the chief native families of the tribe will have every motive for embracing a civilised mode of life. Instead of a barren possession with which they have parted, they will have property in land intermixed with the property of civilised and industrious settlers, and made really valuable by that circumstance. And they will thus possess the means, and an essential means, of preserving, in the midst of a civilised community, the same degree of relative consideration and superiority as they now enjoy in their own tribe. This mode of proceeding has been fully explained to Naiti. He perfectly understands that if the Company should purchase lands, and establish a settlement in the island which belongs to his family, then his father and brothers, and himself, would share equally with all purchasers of land from the Company to the amount of a tenth without purchase, including a tenth of the site of a town. He is quite alive to the advantages of possessing land where land has a high value, and will have no difficulty, we believe, in explaining them to his people. You are aware of the distinctions of rank which obtain amongst them, and how much he prides himself on being a *rangatira*, or gentleman. This feeling must be cultivated if the tribes are ever to be civilised; and we know not of any method so likely to be effectual for the purpose, as that which the Company intends to adopt, in reserving for the *rangatiras* intermixed portions of the lands on which settlements shall be formed.

"The intended reserves of land are regarded as far more important to the natives than anything which you will have to pay in the shape of purchase-money. At the same time we are desirous that the purchase-money should be less inadequate, according to English notions of the value of land, than has been generally the case in purchases of territory from the New Zealanders. Some of the finest tracts of land, we are assured, have been obtained by missionary catechists and others, who really possessed nothing, or next to nothing. In case land should be offered to you for such mere trifles as a few blankets or hatchets, which have heretofore been given for considerable tracts, you will not accept the offer without adding to the goods required, such a quantity as may be of real service to all the owners of the land. It is not intended that you should set an example of heedless profusion in this respect; but the Company are desirous, that in all their transactions with the natives, the latter should derive some immediate and obvious benefit from the intercourse."

HOME-BREWED WINES.

"It is estimated," says Morewood, an excise officer, who published a work on Inebriating Liquors, "that one-half of the port, and five-sixths of the white wines, consumed in London, are the produce of the home presses." Many thousand pipes of spoiled cider are annually brought into London from the country, for the purpose of being converted into fictitious port-wine."—*Wine-Drinker's Manual*, 1830.

A Frenchman, making the tour of London, writes to his friends in Paris to the following effect:—"There is a liquor sold in this country which they call wine (most of the inhabitants call it wind); of what ingredients it is composed, I cannot tell; but you are not to conceive, as the word seems to import, that this is a translation of our word *vin*, a liquor made of the juice of the grape; for I am well assured there is not a drop of any such juice in it. There must be many ingredients in this liquor, from the many different tastes, some of which are sweet, others sour, and others bitter; but though it appeared so nauseous to me and my friend that we could not swallow it, the English relish it very well; nay, they will often drink a gallon of it at a sitting. Sometimes in their cups (for it intoxicates) they will wantonly give it the names of all our best wines."

THE MAN WHOM EVERYBODY LIKES.

MEN who are generally liked, men who are much liked, and men who are well liked, are not very rare; they are to be found everywhere, and have nothing very marked about them. But the man whom everybody likes, against whom there is not one dissentient voice, is not often to be met with; he is a rare bird. However, there are a happy few who attain this pre-eminently felicitous position in the world. These favoured persons are not numerous; they move in distinct orbits, each in his own, and wide apart from one another; for there cannot be such a thing as two men whom everybody likes in the same neighbourhood—hardly in the same town, unless it be a large one; the laws of nature forbid it. They are, therefore, scattered widely over the face of society, and to be found only at remote distances from one another.

One reason why men whom everybody likes are thinly spread over the social surface is, that no given locality could support more than one of these happily-conditioned persons at a time. We say, support him, because the man whom everybody likes is in a great measure supported at the public expense; for what else, when we take it in the aggregate, is the constant and unremitting series of private hospitalities at which he partakes—the incessant and endless round of dinners and suppers to which he is invited—but public expenditure?—voluntary, indeed, but not the less what we have named it on that account. No moderately wealthy community, then, of small dimensions, could possibly support more than one of these favoured persons without great inconvenience.

The man whom everybody likes is invariably a jovial, jolly, good-natured soul, with a round florid face, expressive of great contentedness of mind and of much benevolence of disposition, with a little—a very little—touch of imbecility. Perhaps that is rather too strong a word—we had better say weakness. He is not a bright genius, that is certain; the man whom everybody likes never is. Indeed, he could not be that man if he were; for if he had any talent, those who had less would envy him, those who had equal would be jealous of him, and those who had more would despise him; and thus would the harmony of that system which revolves so smoothly around him, and of which he is the centre, be disturbed and distracted. As it is, things go on pleasantly; there is no rivalry, no jealousy, no contempt.

Some people may suppose that it is a very easy thing to attain the enviable character which we are just discussing; but it is by no means so; on the contrary, it is very difficult. Only think of the amount of good-nature required—the forgiveness of spirit, the forbearance, the patience, the ever-watchfulness not to offend, the constant flow of animal spirits, the eternal good-humour, let the world wag as it will. Only think of all this, and we have no doubt you will at once acknowledge it is no easy matter to become a universal favourite. Then, again, to retain this ticklish position, a man must be everything to everybody; he must refuse no requests, at whatever cost of trouble or inconvenience to himself; and he must make none that may be in the slightest degree disagreeable to any one. Above all things, he must never attempt to borrow money; any approach to this would instantly hurl him down from his high place. On the other hand, he must be too poor to lend; too poor to admit of any one dreaming of borrowing from him; because applications for loans, and refusals of these loans, would equally operate against his popularity. He must, then, be just rich enough to keep him out of other people's pockets, and poor enough to keep them out of his.

The man whom everybody likes is, as already hinted, of a jolly presence; he is always in excellent bodily condition—fat as a whale. This in part proceeds from his own good-nature; but in part, also, from the excellent living to which his character of universal favourite introduces him. He is one of those pets of the world whom it delights in feeding well—it batters him like a stalled ox. It does not think of bestowing honours on him of any kind, but it takes great pleasure in gorging him with savoury and substantial food; it gives him dinners and suppers, as many as he can set his face to, and sometimes a great many more; he has

often, indeed almost always, more invitations than he can possibly overtake, notwithstanding a capacity for eating and drinking which falls to the lot of few men; for with such is the man whom everybody likes most especially provided. It is one of his qualifications for the happy position he is placed in, and without which he never could attain it. It is, in truth, amazing the quantity of work of this kind which he has to go through, and not less amazing the quantity he *does* go through. His presence is as certain at every merry-making within the limits of what may be called his district, or locality, as mine host's self; besides this, he has to undergo a good deal of eating and drinking—a sort of skirmishing it may be called—without the pale of his own particular circle, to oblige those new friends whom he is from time to time meeting at the tables of the old.

Would it be believed, however, that the final end of the man whom everybody likes is almost uniformly tragical?—killed with kindness, he usually dies of apoplexy.

THE HIGHLAND BOYS.

It is now many years since a Highland family came to reside in my neighbourhood. They had once been in a respectable way, but a series of misfortunes had reduced them to a state of great poverty and destitution. The house which they now came to occupy, then, was one proportioned to their decayed circumstances—mean and low-rented. I had two or three times remarked a tall, stout, elderly man, indifferently dressed, passing and repassing my window. There was something in his appearance that struck me; it was respectable, despite the shabbiness of his apparel; he was evidently, in short, one of those who have seen "better days." His grave face, too, saddened by misfortune, had an expression of intelligence and melancholy thoughtfulness about it that was exceedingly affecting; his was, but too plainly to be seen, a crushed and broken spirit. He was too far advanced in life to hope ever to accomplish any improvement in his condition; and the heart-withering conviction of this mournful truth seemed to be pressing him to the earth. His stout, almost gigantic frame, was fast bending; and even in his slow and measured tread there was something sad and solemn.

Interested by this man's appearance, I made inquiry regarding him, and found that his name was Donald Cameron. A little further inquiry put me in possession of the information briefly stated at the outset of this little history.

Here for some time the matter rested, when another circumstance revived my interest in the poor Highland family. I had frequently remarked, amongst the youngsters in our vicinity, two boys, in whose looks and manner there was something totally different from those of the other lads with whom they associated. The latter were coarse, boisterous, and vulgar; the former, mild, modest, and gentle, yet presenting, in every lineament of their fine open countenances, indications of a latent firmness and manliness of character, which was wholly wanting in those of their more noisy and obstreperous companions.

Struck by these appearances, I made inquiry regarding the boys also, and found that they were the sons of Donald Cameron. The difference, then, I had remarked in the manner and bearing of these lads was national. It was the Highland character developed under circumstances that rendered it peculiarly striking. I at once recognised it, for it was well known to me, and marked, with increased confidence in former convictions, the strong contrast between the mild, gentle, yet manly looks of these poor boys, the natural politeness of their manner, the evident kindness of their dispositions, and the noisy, vulgar, blackguard bearing of their lowland, town-bred associates.

From this moment I kept an eye on the two young Highlanders, showed them some little kindnesses, encouraged them to frequent my house, and to become the playmates of my children; the modesty and gentleness of their manners rendering them most desirable companions for the latter, who, I saw, had not to fear from them the contamination to which an intercourse with the

other boys of the street exposed them. My young Highlanders were given to no vices; their behaviour was ever quiet and composed, and their language ever marked by the most perfect modesty and propriety. The lads used occasionally to take my younger children abroad, and I never felt more at ease with regard to their safety, when absent, than when told that they were under the protection of John and Donald Cameron.

Mild, gentle, and inoffensive as my two Highland boys were, I knew well, from knowing well the character of their race, that a brave and manly spirit reposed beneath that quiet and still exterior; a spirit which circumstances could in an instant call into strong display. Knowing this, then, it did not much surprise, although it certainly at first did somewhat vex me, to find, one day as I was going home to dinner, my young friend, Donald Cameron, just closing a desperate combat, in which he had been engaged in the street, with a boy much bigger and older than himself. Donald's antagonist, who had undergone some severe punishment, as his eyes, and mouth, and nose bore witness, had just given in as I came up to the scene of action.

On reaching Donald, who was so excited that he had not observed my approach: I seized him by the arm. The boy turned round in alarm, gazed on me doubtfully for an instant, and burst into tears.

"What's the meaning of this, Donald?" I said, somewhat sternly. "I did not expect to find *you* in a situation of this kind—fighting with blackguard boys in the streets. It is not like you, and I am sorry for it."

"I am sorry for it, too, sir," replied the boy, wiping his eyes, "but I could stand it no longer."

"Stand what, Donald?" said I.

"That boy's ill-usage, sir. For a long time past he has been in the habit of twitting my brother and myself with our poverty, and calling us all sorts of bad names, insulting our country, and mocking our accent. He thought we were *sumphs*" (his own expression) "because we submitted so long to his insolence without resenting it. But," added the boy, with unwonted animation, "I have taught him another lesson, I'm thinking; he'll not twit my brother and me again with either our poverty or our country, I fancy."

I subsequently made inquiry into the case, and found it to be precisely as Donald had stated; with this addition, that it was John who first dared the insulter to mortal combat, and that Donald had insisted on taking his place, on the plea of being the elder and the stouter. The boys had borne long and patiently with the insolence of the heartless young rascal, whom they had at length so severely but justly punished.

Shortly after this, the Camerons removed to a distant part of the city, and for about four years I neither saw nor heard more of them. At the end of that period, I was one day somewhat surprised by the intimation that two young Highland soldiers were at the door, and desired to see me. Thinking, after a moment's reflection, that the men had been billeted on me, I desired the servant to show them in, that I might settle terms with them. The two lads walked into the apartment where I was, and two finer looking men I had never seen. "All plaided and plumed in their tartan array"—for they wore the full Highland military garb, they indeed looked splendid.

"Well, my lads," said I; "a billet, I suppose?"

The young soldiers smiled and blushed. "You don't know us, sir, I dare say," said one of them, in a quiet and modest tone.

"Bless me! Donald and John Cameron!" I exclaimed, extending a hand to each. "I did not indeed know you in that martial dress. So, you have listed—you have turned soldiers?"

"Yes, sir," replied Donald, in his usual quiet way. "There are a number of our friends in the —th regiment, (the regiment to which we belong,) and we thought that, on the whole, we could not do better than join them. We have always had an inclination that way; at any rate, most of our male relations have been in the army."

The young men now proceeded to inform me that their regiment

was under orders for the Peninsula—the war was then raging; that they were to march to the point of embarkation on the following morning, and that they could not think of departing without bidding me farewell.

Next morning, at an early hour, I witnessed the departure of the gallant regiment to which my young friends belonged. It was a stirring sight: the level sun struck full upon the forest of bayonets that bristled over the close and steady ranks; the colours of the regiment floated on the morning breeze; and the martial music of the band, playing a lively Scottish strathspey, completed the effect of the warlike display. I placed myself close by the line of march of the corps, in order to interchange a parting salutation with my young friends. I recognised them marching gravely and steadily, side by side, in the front rank of the leading company; they were amongst the flower of the regiment. They saw me, too. I nodded. They returned the sign of recognition by a rapid stolen side glance and faint smile; military subordination would permit no more. They moved on, others followed, and in a few minutes the entire regiment had defiled past the spot on which I stood.

At this point in this little story I have a long leap to make—a leap of no less than eight years.

This period, then, had passed away, when as I was one day entering a hotel for the purpose of inquiring for a friend, whose arrival in town I was daily looking for, I encountered two military officers; they were apparently just going out. We passed each other, but had hardly done so when the two gentlemen suddenly stopped and turned round. Aware of this movement, I turned also, and we looked at each other for a second in the embarrassed manner of uncertain recognition. This feeling, however, was entirely confined to them; for I had no recollection whatever of having ever seen either of them before. At length one of the gentlemen, disengaging himself from the other, advanced towards me, and with a polite bow, and well-turned prefatory apology for putting the question, asked if my name was not ——. In some surprise at this knowledge of my name by persons whom I deemed utter strangers to me, I replied that it was.

"So I thought," said the querist, smiling. "John," he added, turning to his friend, "I was right; this is Mr. —."

The person addressed came forward.

"You are at a loss, I see, sir," resumed the former.

"You have indeed the advantage of me," I replied.

"You don't, then, recognise in the two persons before you a certain pair of graceless lads, to whom you showed much kindness at a time when few were kind—to whom you were a friend when friends were scarce?"

"Can it be possible?" I exclaimed, under a suddenly awakened recollection of the countenances of the young men; "Donald and John Cameron!"

"The same and no other," replied the former, smiling. "Here we are, you see, safe and sound, after having both taken and given a good many hard knocks, one way and another."

Need I describe the shaking of hands that followed, or the mutual hospitalities that succeeded!—it is unnecessary.

The two brothers were now captains; a rank to which they had raised themselves by repeated instances of singular bravery and by general good conduct; both of which, fortunately for them, had chanced to come under the special notice of the Duke of Wellington, who had promoted Donald to an ensigncy on the field of battle, and John, shortly after, to the same rank, for his gallantry in leading on a forlorn hope, after its commanding officer, all its subalterns and non-commissioned officers, had fallen killed or wounded.

Let me not omit to add, that these warm-hearted lads were, when I met them, just leaving the hotel, at which they had arrived but the evening before, to call upon me. They had not even yet forgotten the trifling kindnesses I had shown them in the season of their youthful adversity. Their father, it is gratifying to say, lived to see his boys with epaulettes on their shoulders, and to enjoy the heartfelt gratification, which none but such a parent can feel, of witnessing the advancement of his manly children.

CHANCES OF LIVING IN LONDON.

NO II.

LONDON, as we remarked in our preceding paper, is the most varied and extensive field for labour of any city in the world; and so, also, it presents the most varied and extensive field for expenditure of any place on the earth. Nothing too costly which cannot be procured at the all-powerful command of wealth; nothing too mean or trivial to be sold or purchased. The word "annihilation" is unknown in the London vocabulary of TRADE. Men may spend years in our metropolis, and fancy themselves well acquainted with it; and yet a newly-arrived stranger may inform them of branches of business carried on of which they had been utterly ignorant. All grades of rank, wealth, and character are, in our streets, perpetually crossing each other. The merchant, strong on the Exchange, may not be distinguished from the poor clerk; the comfortable official, who can look forward to something more than bread and water being made sure to him for a long life, shakes hands with the man whose thoughts are filled with intense anxiety about bills coming due; the snug annuitant jostles the exquisite; and the exquisite turns away from the beggar. In one house men are dining at the rate of ten shillings or a guinea; not far from it is a place where hundreds feed at the rate of from eightpence to a shilling. Nothing for nothing is the motto in London; a "consideration," or "value received," enters into the idea of all services rendered; and those who cannot afford to yoke a horse or an ass to their vehicles, get their cat's-meat drawn by dogs.*

The keen competition which exists causes a degree of obliging civility to pervade the manners of shopkeepers, which, perhaps, is hardly to be equalled all over the world, except in Paris. Copiers wrapped up in paper for you; petty purchases obligingly sent home; directions given with care and precision; and showers of thanks when accounts are paid. Add to this, that London is the *cheapest* market in the world; not the cheapest in the respect of the mere amount of money paid for provisions, but the cheapest, taking into account the variety, excellence, and quantity supplied. Management, however, is required in taking advantage of this comparative cheapness: for while the best of choice things is picked out, and hurried away to the "West-end," to be sold at an enhanced price, those of the middle and working classes who live in the neighbourhoods of the great markets have a considerable advantage over those who live in the suburbs.

Our country readers are aware that there are various quarters in London abandoned to the poorest orders of the people; that these quarters are composed of old houses, where hordes of the rat and the bug dispute, or at least share, possession with swarms of human beings; and that the poor honest labourer, the knavish beggar, the thief, the coiner, and other degraded characters, take shelter in them. Several of these quarters have different characteristics, such as Spitalfields for silk-weavers, St. Giles's for Irish, &c. &c. A kind correspondent has favoured us with a description of one of these localities, which we here introduce, as it may let some of our readers know what are "the chances of living" in one spot, not far from the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Buckingham Palace.

Westminster, with all its aristocratic associations, its splendid mansions, and corresponding wealth, has still withal its dark spots; and although the favoured abode of royalty itself, yet not an arrow's flight from the perfumed chamber and gorgeous saloon may be seen the dreary dwelling of misery and wretchedness. The scene, indeed, of the present sketch is not more than a quarter of a mile from the palace.

Among the streets in Westminster, formerly occupied by the aristocracy and gentry, Orchard-street was once conspicuous; and the houses in which Oliver Cromwell and Mr. Pitt once lived are still to be seen: but its glories are all faded, and rooms which

have been honoured by the presence of the statesman and the courtier, now echo the sounds of low revelry or misery. The lodging-house, to which we propose introducing our readers, is in this street we have mentioned. Its exterior presents a dingy face of crumbling brick, begrimed by the soot and smoke of years. The elevation consists of four stories, the first two of which are lighted by windows whose heavy sashes denote antiquity. Amusing are the methods employed to refuse the wind and the rain admittance—tattered garments; crowns of old hats; brown paper, and paper rendered brown; and not unfrequently, some culinary utensil, are all pressed into the service of stopping a hole; and so varied are the contrivances for this purpose, that the several windows seem more like a rag-merchant's shop than anything else. A board is attached to the wall on the right-hand side of the door, on which appears in rude letters—"Lodgings for single men; beds, 3d. a night."

On entering we found the door open, and the hall spacious and panelled, as is the case in most of the houses in Westminster. We proceeded until we came to a room on the right; and on knocking at the door, were desired to enter, when a Babel of tongues was silenced by our unexpected appearance, and a scene as extraordinary as can be conceived presented itself. The apartment was full of men and women, though the former predominated. Some were seated on broken chairs and stools, round a filthy table, eagerly devouring all kinds of messes, washed down by tea and coffee, (for the meal was breakfast,) porter, ale, and gin. Others, again, were on their knees before the fire, broiling a red herring, or slice of fat bacon. Some appeared to have just left their beds, or, as is more probable, being obliged to quit them, had descended to the common room in a state of *dishabille*, and were proceeding to attach their tattered rags to their persons in the best way they could. There were females endeavouring to make a stocking perform its duty one day more—others, combing their dishevelled hair, or fastening their ragged dresses: and running along one side of the room was a bench, on which were seven men smoking and drinking. The total number of individuals in the room, which was about twenty feet square, amounted to twenty-four, of which eighteen were males and the rest females.

The furniture was of the most meagre description, and consisted of one table, some half-dozen broken-backed chairs, and a couple of benches. The walls were dotted with gaudily-coloured prints, the subjects of which were of a licentious nature; and over the fire-place was a board, on which appeared a set of rules, of which the following is a copy:—

"Beds 3d. a night.

No man to leave the house without paying for his night's lodging.—

No smoking allowed in the bed-rooms.

No Licker above a pint allowed at a time."

It would be difficult to convey anything at all like a correct idea of the effluvia of this room. It reeked of all kinds of villainous compounds. Rusty bacon, salt herrings, fried onions, (a vegetable greatly in favour with the lower orders,) gin, porter, and tobacco, sent forth their powerful odours, and vied with each other in concocting one abominable whole. Such was the scene which the room common to the nightly lodgers exhibited; and having remained as long as was necessary to our purpose, we gladly left it to pursue our investigations elsewhere; when, though poverty alike met us, yet was it surrounded by a less tainted atmosphere.

The lodging-house consisted of twelve rooms, of which number six were set apart for nightly lodgers; and the remainder, with the exception of the common receiving-room, occupied by families renting one or more rooms. Those destined for nightly lodgers were prepared to receive twenty-four persons, four beds being in each room; but it frequently happens that a greater number are congregated together, as the beds are often shared by persons too poor to be able to afford even 3d. a night for the luxury of having a bed to themselves. The beds were of the most

* The writer of this forgot, for the moment, that, by the New Metropolitan Police Act, dog-eats are prohibited, under a penalty, after the 1st of January, 1840. They have, therefore, already disappeared.

miserable description, mere pallets, the threadbare and ragged covering on which failed to conceal the wood and straw beneath. Two chairs in each room completed the furniture, and the boards of the floor seemed to have had no acquaintance with the scrubbing-brush for years.

The rooms occupied by the families were furnished by themselves, and boasted a few more comforts. In three were a chest-of-drawers, a comfortable-looking group of chairs, some books, pictures, and a clock; and the beds were of a very superior description to those appropriated to the nightly lodgers. Of the five rooms thus occupied, two were in the possession of one family, who paid six shillings a week; and the remaining three were rented by the same number of families for the sum of three-and-sixpence each. These families consisted of twenty-three individuals, eight adults, and fifteen children—thus, at the time we visited this lodging-house, there were forty-one persons huddling together, without taking into account the six females seen in the common room, who are not included, for the reason of having been reported to us as non-residents.

It may be interesting to those who are ignorant of the high rents paid by the working classes, to show the total amount for one year as paid weekly by the lodgers, and the rent of the house by the landlord:—

	£.	s.
24 beds at 3d. per night, for one year	109	10
5 rooms { 2 at 3s.		
{ 3 at 3s. 6d. } 16s. 6d.—for do.	42	18
	152	8

the sum received by the landlord, presuming his house to be full, (which is generally the case,) whilst his annual rent, including all, is £60! It may be supposed that we have instanced an extreme case, but we can assure the reader to the contrary; the rents mentioned are a fair average of those paid by the working classes in Westminster; and indeed, it may be observed, 4d. a night is the more common charge for a bed.

It would be extremely difficult to arrive at any just conclusion of the occupation of the nightly lodgers. They describe themselves, for the most part, as from the provinces, in search of work; and seldom remain above a week, and frequently not more than a single night. Without hazarding any opinion concerning the truth of the foregoing account of themselves, it may be safely said, that the standard of morality is very low. Indeed, it was only necessary to hear a few words of the conversation in the common room to be assured that all decency and restraint were thrown aside, and that vice, in its worst and most degrading form, was allowed to revel free and uncontrolled.

Thus far our correspondent; and we quit this painful portion of our subject, by merely reminding our readers, that such is a specimen of scenes which take place daily and nightly within a stone's throw of the venerable Abbey, and of that assembly representing the Christianity, the honour, the benevolence, the public spirit, the influence, and the wealth of Britain; and within a quarter of a mile of Buckingham Palace!

As might naturally be expected, London abounds with lodging-houses and boarding-houses of all kinds and grades, from the low haunts of which we have just given a description, to the more stately mansions of the "West-end." We are not alluding to public houses, hotels, inns, taverns, &c., but to private houses. That much money is made by the owners of some of those houses there can be no question. For instance, in Ironmonger-lane, amongst the warehouses of that part of the "City," there are two or three houses thrown into one, forming a kind of private hotel or lodging-house, which is said to be able to make up sixty beds, and is much frequented by commercial travellers, who seek the cheap accommodation of a room in a private house, without being exposed to the too glaring accommodations of an inn. The owner of this house makes out of it a very good annual income. There are several houses of a similar description in the "City," on the Paddington Road, and other places, and a great number of a more

"stately" character and pretensions at the West-end. But the easy facility with which a person can turn to this sort of business, causes great numbers to resort to it; and we have but to glance at the perpetually standing columns of board-and-lodging advertisements in the "Times," to feel assured that there is enormous competition in this "line." Many persons come to London with a few hundred pounds in their possession, take houses, for which they pay annually from £100 to £150 (rent and taxes) and furnishing them, fancy that they will soon realise a very good income. Some do; but the great majority exclaim, that of all precarious modes of obtaining a livelihood, a genteel lodging-house is the worst.

From the statements given in our preceding paper, some idea will be obtained of the salaries or wages of different professions and trades. We will now, in order to show how far certain amounts of wages will go in London, select one or two cases, and trace the expenditure of individuals. The salaries of many young men, who are compelled to keep up a genteel appearance, (or else they will not be able to get or keep situations,) vary from £50 to £80 per annum. But let us take the case, not of a banker's or merchant's clerk, but of a working man, a mechanic, who, we will say, earns about £80 per annum, or about £1 10s. per week. In the particular case we select, we give an actual little "history."

A young man came to London, and was reduced to his last penny before he procured a situation. But at last he was installed in what was considered a good one, yielding him 30s. a week. He resolved to practise strict economy, and endeavour to save money. Accordingly, he took a bed-room in a decent private house, for which he paid 5s.; he took breakfast in a coffee-shop, for which he generally paid about 6d. daily; his evenings were also frequently spent in a similar place, costing him a similar sum; and, taking one day with another, Sundays included, he found he could not dine comfortably under the average of 1s. His living, therefore, cost him weekly 15s., his washing, 1s., and his bed-room, 5s.; in all, £1 1s. With all his care, he found that he could not keep himself in clothing—including hats, shoes, linen, &c.—under £13 per annum, or say 5s. per week. Any little enjoyments were included under this head, but they were few in number, and chiefly confined to an occasional excursion. At the end of the year he was master of £14; and at that very period, he lost his situation, employment having become scarce; and before he obtained a regular situation again, his £14 had dwindled down to £1. Discouraged, but not disheartened, he set to work once more; and in another year was master of £10. Then a thought struck him. He had no home; his lonely bed-room presented no inducements to him to spend an evening in it; and being of a cheerful, lively temper, the perpetual attractions of London made him undergo a continual crucifixion, in resisting temptations to spend money. So he resolved to take a wife, reasoning thus with himself—"Two can live as cheap as one!"—and his wife, whose only dowry was a good person, a pleasant temper, high spirit, and industry, agreed with him in opinion.

How to spend the £10 was now matter for grave consideration. It was "unanimously" resolved, that any foolish expenditure would be highly irrational, and unworthy of two sensible folks, who cared more for one another, than all the world cared for them. They could visit no upholsterer, and give their stately orders; and they vowed not to waste even a fraction on a "bride's-cake"—no "marriage tables" would be furnished forth by them. So they went to an humble house, rented by a brother of the bridegroom's "craft," and selecting two unfurnished apartments, at £13 per annum (the very price the bachelor paid for his lonely little room), they sallied forth to a haunt of furniture-brokers, determined to exert their sharpness and ingenuity in buying good articles cheap. They got a very good japanned bedstead for £1; feather-bed, £2 10s.; palliasses, 16s.; a small deal table, 5s.; three rush-bottomed chairs, 7s.; sheets and blankets, about £2; which, with small sums for crockery and cooking utensils, made up about £8 10s. They were married in the morning, and the husband went to his employment for the rest of the day.

The first six months were exceedingly happy. The couple lived far more comfortably on the same sum, or a little more, which it had cost the bachelor to live singly; and the domestic comfort he enjoyed made, he said, another man of him. The birth of a child did not detract much from this comfort; they had, of course, a "doctor" and a "nurse" to pay: the surgeons and accoucheurs who attend the working-classes generally charge a fee of £1—a few 10s. 6d.—but this is very low, and does not include medicines, which sometimes the larger fee does; a nurse attending people in the same walks of life charges 5s. or 6s. per week, with board, and is generally retained about a fortnight. Still the man was truly happy; for the infant made him more attached to his little "home."

At the end of three years, two children composed his family; the hooping-cough invaded his premises; the wife had a slight fever, induced by fatigue; and the man was once more thrown out of employment. By the end of three months they were in a deplorable state of distress; and when returned health and employment enabled the little family once more to hold up their heads, the husband confessed that his spirit was broken; regretted he had married, "For, not only," said he, "have I been the means of bringing down suffering on a wife and children whom I love, but if I had been a single man, I might have once more recovered myself, whereas bare existence, with an increasing family, is all I may look for now!"

A man in a situation which yields him about £100 per annum, or a working man earning about £2 a week, may live tolerably comfortable, if they take care to manage; but if there be a family, nothing can be saved out of this, unless by peculiar contrivances or exertions. Working men, and people in situations, earning at the rate we have mentioned, generally look out for small houses, which are rather scarce, but which in Southwark, Lambeth, portions of Brompton, Chelsea, Islington, Kingsland, and other suburban districts, may be procured at from £20 to £24 rent, or with taxes, water-rates, &c., from £24 to £28 or £29 per annum. These houses usually contain six apartments, all small, but which may be classified as a kitchen and wash-house, two parlours, and two bed-rooms. If the parties are willing to submit to some inconvenience, the parlours may be let off to a young married couple, for which from £12 to £16 may be obtained, if occupied all the year round, which is seldom the case. But if the family is numerous, it may not be convenient to let off any portion of the small house; and thus we may strike £30 off the £100 for the conveniences of shelter, water, &c. There remain £70, or about 27s. per week; and every penny of this sum will be required in London for the maintenance of a family of five or six persons, and that, too, with the practice of most rigid economy. Here, then, it is clear, no money can be saved by a family man, who earns £100 per year: for even if an addition be made to the family income when the children become youths, the additional and increasing wants of the growing individuals will absorb every sixpence of the addition.

Mechanics, who earn about £3 per week, are better off than clerks and others who receive £150 per annum. The latter are constrained, by the necessity of their position, to keep a good coat on their backs, and generally, also, to look out for a house in a more "genteel" situation; their families, moreover, cannot do as the families of mechanics may do, for even those who may despise all affectation of "gentility," must uphold some show of it; a respectable poor man cannot afford to go shabby, or otherwise resist the public opinion of his class. Here, then, we are brought into a higher scale of expenditure; a small house in a genteel neighbourhood cannot be got under £30, and taxes will raise it to £36; a servant is kept, whose wages may vary from £6 to £8; the family doctor must have a higher fee; the nurse, when obliged to be called in, has a sneer on her countenance if everything is not liberal and "genteel;" and, unless the females of the family have the sense and the fortitude to resist "London pride," the £150 may be oftener exceeded than otherwise. On the same ground, while the few able and skilful mechanics in London, who earn £4 a week, are perfect gentlemen; the "gentlemen" who receive £200 find it little enough to do with, and certainly can save nothing.

We have once more exhausted our space without exhausting our subject: but we may have other opportunities, under different forms, for returning to it.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"It is a common saying, that no individual profits by another's experience:—there are few, we believe, that profit by their own; few to whom may not be justly applied that striking saying of Coleridge, that 'experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which only illuminate the way that is passed.' But, of all the scholars I have ever known in this ever-open school of experience, my friend Mrs. Dunbar is the most unteachable. With a fair portion of intellect, with a quick observation, and fifty years' acquaintance with the world, she is as trustful, as credulous, and as hopeful as when, a child, she believed the rainbow was a rope of substantial woven light, with a golden cup at the end of it; that there was a real man standing in the moon, and that the sky would, one of these bright days, fall, and we should catch larks. Being of a benevolent and equable temperament, her credulity has the most happy manifestations. Her faith in her fellow-creatures is implicit, and her confidence in the happiness of the future unwavering; so that, however dark and heavy the clouds may be at any given moment, she believes they are on the point of breaking away."

"I have known but a single exception to the general and pleasant current of my friend's life. One anxiety and disappointment crossed her, which even her blessed alchemy could not gild or transmute. Her husband lost all his fortune; this was not *the* cross. Mrs. Dunbar said, she saw no reason why they should not take their turn on Fortune's wheel; she did not doubt they should come up again, and, if they did not, why, her own private fortune was enough to secure them from dependence and want. Her husband had none of her philosophy, or, rather, happy temperament;—philosophy gets too much credit. He had an ambitious spirit, and his ambition had taken a direction very common in our cities; an aspiration after commercial reputation, and the wealth and magnificence that follow it. Mr. Dunbar had mounted to the very top round of the ladder, when, alas, it fell! and his possessions and hopes were prostrated. A fever seized him in the severest hour of disappointment, and the moral and physical pressure killed him. But this was not *the* cross. Mrs. Dunbar loved and honoured her husband, without having any particular sympathy with him. He imparted none of his projects to her, and neither interfered with nor participated her quiet every-day pursuits and pleasures; so that no harmonious partnership could be dissolved with less shock to the survivor. Mrs. Dunbar, beside the common-place solaces on such occasions, such as 'We must all die,' 'Heaven's time is the best time,' had a particular and reasonable consolation in being relieved from the sight of unhappiness that she could not remove or mitigate. This was not selfishness, but the necessity of her nature, which resembled those plants that cannot live unless they have sunshine, and plenty of it."

"Mrs. Dunbar had one son, Fletcher, a youth of rare promise, who was just seventeen at his father's death. He most happily combined the character of his parents,—the aspiring and firm qualities of his father, and the bright spirit of his mother. His education had been most judiciously directed by his father; and his mother, without any system or plan whatever, had, by the spontaneous action of her own character, most happily moulded his affections. At seventeen, Fletcher Dunbar seemed to me the perfection of a youth; with a boyish freshness and playfulness, and a manly grace, generosity, and courtesy. Much more attention than is usual in our country had been given to the adornments of education; but his father, who had all respect to the solid and practical, had taken care that the weightier matters were not sacrificed; and he had a prompt reward. So capable and worthy of trust was Fletcher at his father's death, that the mercantile house in which he was clerk offered him, on advantageous terms, an agency for six years in France and England. Mrs. Dunbar consented to his departure. But this parting of the widow from her only son, her only child, and such a child, was not *the* cross. 'There was nothing like throwing a young man, who had his fortune to carve, on his own responsibilities,' she justly said. 'Fletcher would get good, and not evil, wherever he went. He should hear from him by every packet, and six years would soon fly away.' And they did; and this brings me to the story of that drop that diffused its bitterness through the cup my friend till now had preserved sweet and sparkling."

"The six years were gone; six years they had been to Fletcher of health, prosperity, and virtue. I need say nothing more for a young man who had been exposed to the temptations of London and Paris. The happy day and evening of his arrival had passed

away. Uncles, aunts, and friends, had thronged to welcome him, and gone to their homes; and Mrs. Dunbar was left alone with Fletcher and Ellen Fitzhugh.

"I have said that Mrs. Dunbar had but one child; but, if it be possible for the bonds of adoption to be as strong as those of nature, Mrs. Dunbar loved Ellen as well as if she had been born to her. This instance was enough to prove that there may be the happiness of a maternal affection without the instincts of nature, or the feeling of property in the object, which more selfish natures than my friend's require. Ellen was the child of a very dear friend of Mrs. Dunbar, who, from a goodly portion of nine daughters, surrendered this, the fairest and best, to what she then deemed a happier destiny than she could in any other way secure for her.

"I do not believe Mrs. Dunbar could have told which she loved best, Ellen Fitzhugh or her son; in truth, they were so blended in her mind that they made but one idea. When she saw Ellen, Fletcher was in her imagination; when she thought of Fletcher, Ellen was the present visible type through which her thoughts and affections went out to him.

"Now he had returned; they were under the same roof;—Fletcher was three-and-twenty, with a handsome fortune to begin the world with; and Ellen was just eighteen, with

'a countenance, in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple woes,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.'

Never was there a fitter original for this beautiful description of the poet than Ellen Fitzhugh; and could there be anything more natural than Mrs. Dunbar's firm belief, that Fletcher would set right about weaving into an imperishable fabric the golden threads she had been spinning for him!

"The first evening had passed away; the old family domestics had received from Fletcher's hand some gift 'far-fetched,' and enriched with the odour of kind remembrance; and Mrs. Dunbar and the young people lingered over the decaying embers, to talk over the thousand particulars that are omitted in the most minute correspondence. 'Pray tell me, Fletcher,' asked Mrs. Dunbar, 'who was that Bessie Elmore you spoke of so frequently in your last letters?'

"'Bessie Elmore! Heaven bless her! She was the daughter of a lady who was excessively kind to me the last time I was in London. She bore a striking resemblance to Ellen, so I called her *cousin*,—a pretty title to shelter a flirtation;—I should inevitably have lost my heart, but for the presumption of asking her to give up her country.'

"'Was she very like Ellen?'

"'Excessively; her laugh, too, always recalled Ellen's. She was a charming little creature!'

"Ellen blushed slightly, and Mrs. Dunbar's happy countenance smiled all over as she said, 'Ellen is very English in her looks.'

"'Yes, aunt, a "rosy, sturdy little person," as English Smith used to call me.'

"'Not too sturdy, Ellen,' said Fletcher, 'and not too little,—just as high as our hearts, mother, is she not?'

"'She has always just filled mine,' replied the delighted mother, who had already jumped to the conclusion that the affair was as good as settled; and the wedding, and the happy years to follow, floated in rich visions before her. She ventured on one question she was anxious to have settled: 'You have no occasion to go abroad again, Fletcher?'

"'None. A happy home, in my own country, has long been my "castle in the air," and now, thank Heaven, I can give it a terrestrial foundation.'

"'Ellen is not the person to relish this "taking for granted,"' thought Mrs. Dunbar; 'Fletcher should be more reserved.'

"Fletcher soon turned the current of her apprehensions. 'Pray,' he asked, 'what is the reason, Ellen, that you and my mother have so seldom mentioned Matilda Preston in your letters of late?'

"'We have seen much less of her than usual the winter past. Matilda cannot

"To a party give up what was meant for mankind."

I suppose you know she has been a "bright and particular star" this winter,—a belle?'

"'Has she? I am sorry for it!'

"'So is not Matilda. She enjoys her undisputed reign. She has, to those she chooses to please, captivating manners, and you know she is talented. The beaux, of a score of years' standing,

declare there has been nothing like her in their time. She is beset with admirers and lovers. She says she is obliged, when she goes to a ball, to keep an ivory tablet under her belt, with a list of her partners. Some wag pasted up on Carroll-place, where the Prestons live, "*Apollo's-court*," on account of the perpetual serenades there. Poor Rupert Selden told me, he had thrown away a half-year's commissions on bouquets and serenades to her, which, in his own romantic phrase, had "ended in smoke." She is said to be engaged.'

"'Engaged!' Fletcher bit his nails for two or three minutes in deep abstraction, and then added, 'To whom is she engaged?'

"'Pray don't look so distressed, cousin; I only reported it as an *on dit*.—I forgot your flame for Matilda.'

"'Pshaw, Ellen! but who is the person?'

"'The pre-eminent person at the present moment is Ned Garston.'

"'Ned Garston! a monkey,—impossible!'

"'Oh, he is much improved by foreign travel, and, if still a monkey, a romantic monkey, a monkey *en beau*. He has put himself into the hands of some Parisian master of the science of transforming the deformed, and has come forth the *tableau vivant*, copied after a famous picture of some troubadour in the Louvre.'

"'What do you mean, Ellen?'

"'I mean, that Ned Garston's very pretty black hair hangs in hyacinthine curls over the collar of his coat,—that he wears tresses like a girl's, on each side of his face, and mustachios and whiskers that would befit a grand sultan. The girls call him "the Sublime Porte."'

"'And is it possible that Matilda Preston, that gifted, beautiful creature, is going to throw herself away upon this jackanapes?'

"'How wildly you talk, Fletcher!' interposed his mother; 'you have not seen Matilda Preston since she was a mere child.'

"'But a rare child, my dear mother; Matilda Preston at thirteen was a fit model for sculpture and painting. She moved like a goddess, and her faculties were worthy such a form. Lord bless me, what a sacrifice!—is it a sacrifice to Mammon, Ellen?'

"'Do not insist that the sacrifice is certain.'—

"'I have no doubt it is his fortune,' said Mrs. Dunbar, for the first time, I believe, in her life, turning a scale against an absent person that might have been struck in her favour; 'that is to say, fortune and style. Garston has the most showy equipage in the city, and his family, you know, are all in the first fashion.'

"Mrs. Dunbar retired for the night. Ellen, after despatching some trifling home affairs, was following her, when Fletcher, who had been leaning abstractedly on his elbow, said, 'Ellen, do not go; I have something to say to you.' Ellen turned with a beating and foreboding heart. 'Tell me, Ellen, honestly, is it your belief that Matilda Preston is engaged to Garston?'

"'I do not believe she is.'

"'Why are you in such haste? sit down,—there, thank you; but do not look as if I had murder to confess,—I have only to tell you the weakness and the strength of my heart. You know, my dear Ellen,—cousin,—sister, I should rather call you—for, without any tie of blood, no sister was ever dearer—there is no one but you to whom I can communicate my feelings, projects, and hopes,—from whom I can take counsel. To begin, then; when I left America, you and Matilda Preston were very intimate. I do not find you so much so now; what is the cause of this alienation?'

"'There is no alienation, Fletcher; we are intimate still.'

"'Affectionately intimate?'

"'Matilda is very kind, very affectionate to me.'

"'And you not so to her? I am sure you never repelled affection with coldness. There must be some reason for this. My mother, too, seems to have a prejudice against Matilda; pray be frank with me, Ellen.'

"'Frankness was Ellen's nature. She was one of the few beings in this world, who are thoroughly and habitually, by nature and by grace, true. For the first time a cloud had passed over her clear spirit. She began to speak, faltered, began again, and finally said: 'It may be more mine than Matilda's fault that we are less intimate than formerly. Our circumstances, our tastes are different. I think Matilda is much what she was when you left us,—that is,—that is, allowing for the difference between a school girl and a belle, Fletcher.'

"'A belle!—how I hate the term! But how could it be otherwise in a city atmosphere, with Matilda's beauty, talents, and accomplishments? I see she is not quite to your taste, Ellen; I am sorry for it, but this is better than I feared. Now for my confession, in brief. When I left you I was a reserved boy. Neither you nor my mother, probably, ever suspected my predi-

lection, but for two years I had been desperately in love with Matilda Preston. I believed she loved me. We exchanged many a love-token, many a promise. It is true she was a mere child, I a mere boy; but there are such childish loves on record, Ellen. The germ of the fruit is in the unfolding bud. It may, after all, have been on her part a little innocent foolery, forgotten long ago; but, if so, I was coxcomb enough to take it all in dead earnest. Through my six years of absence I have cherished, lived upon, these remembrances. All my projects, all my successes, have blended with the thought of Matilda: and, blessed by Heaven in 'my enterprises, I have now come home determined to throw myself at her feet, if I find her what memory and a lover's faith have painted her.' Fletcher fixed his eye on Ellen. Hers fell. 'Will you not—*can* you not, Ellen, give me a "God speed"?' "

"The flush on Ellen's cheek faded to a deadly paleness. After a moment's hesitation, she summoned her resolution, and, raising her eye to meet Fletcher's, replied with a tolerably steady voice, 'Do not ask a "God speed" of me now, Fletcher;—wait till you have seen Matilda, and studied her character, as you ought to study that on which the happiness of your life is to depend; and then, if your ripened judgment confirms your youthful preference, you shall have my—"God speed," she would have said, but her honest tongue refused to utter the word to which her heart did not answer; and, adding "my earnest wishes,—my prayers," she burst into irrepressible tears, and, horror-struck at what she feared was a betrayal of her true feelings, she fled, without even a 'good night,' to her own apartment.

"The truth did once flash across Fletcher's mind. 'It is a phenomenon to see Ellen in tears, save at some touching tale or knotty grief,' he thought; 'Ellen, with her ever bright, buoyant spirit,—her "obedient passions, will resigned." Has my dear, imprudent mother, with her equal fondness for us both, been kindling a spark of tenderness in Ellen's heart?' The thought was no sooner conceived than rejected. There was no latent vanity in Fletcher's mind to please itself with cherishing it. It was happily improbable, and it soon gave place to thick-coming and most pleasant fancies. But one cloud hovered over them,—Mrs. Dunbar's and Ellen's too evident distrust of Matilda. 'I will "study her character," and abide by the decision of my "ripened judgment,"' resolved Fletcher. Alas for the judgment of a young man of three-and-twenty as to a talented beauty of nineteen, with the desperate make-weight against it of a long-cherished love!

"Ellen had often sat with her loving friend, Mrs. Dunbar, over the dying embers, reading and re-reading the passages in Fletcher's letters where he dwelt on the fond remembrances of home. Every mention of Ellen—and the letters abounded with them—his mother repeated and repeated, and always with an emphasis and smile, that sometimes made Ellen's blood tingle to her fingers' ends. And yet, simple as a child, the good woman never dreamed that she was communicating her faith and hopes, and awakening feelings never to sleep again. This she knew, as a matter of principle and discretion, would not be right; and, while she never said to Ellen, in so many words, 'My heart is set on your marrying Fletcher, and I am sure his is, even more than mine,' she did not suspect she was conveying this meaning in every look, word, and motion. And even now, when the pillars of her 'castle in the air' were tumbling about her head, she had no apprehension that Ellen would be crushed by them. They were to meet now for the first time, with the most painful feeling to loving and trusting friends, that their hearts must be hidden with impenetrable screens; but such was the transparency of dear Mrs. Dunbar's heart, that put what she would before it, the disguise melted away in the clear light;—to tell the truth, Ellen's was little better; her safety was in the dim sight of the eye to be eluded.

"She washed away her tears, called up all the resolution she could muster, and repaired to Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, whom she hoped she might find by this time in bed, and get off with her 'good-night kiss;' but, instead of this, she was pacing up and down the room, not a pin removed.

"Dear aunt, not in bed yet?"

"No, my dear child,—I did not feel like sleeping the first night, you know, of Fletcher's being here;—it's natural to have a good many wakeful thoughts of past times, and so forth.' While saying this, she had turned her back, and was busying herself at the bureau, the tone of her voice, and the frequent use of her handkerchief, conveying the state of her feelings as precisely to Ellen as her streaming eyes would, had she shown them.

"I see," cried Mrs. Dunbar, her tears gushing forth afresh, 'that Fletcher has the most unexpected, incomprehensible,

unreasonable, unfortunate, strange, dreadful, wonderful, and amazing interest in Matilda Preston. I had never so much as thought of it,—it's insanity, Ellen,—he is as blind as a beetle.'

"It is a blindness, aunt, that is not like to be cured by the presence of Matilda Preston.'

"That's just what I feel, Ellen. Men are always carried away with beauty. I thought Fletcher was an exception; but he is not, or he would tell the gold from the glittering.'

"But, aunt, you do Matilda and Fletcher injustice. She has fine qualities; and if what you now expect should happen, you will look on Matilda with very different eyes.'

"Never, Ellen, never in the world,—she will always seem to stand between me and—I mean,—I can't tell *you*, Ellen, what I mean. But this I will say, come what will, no one can ever take your place to me,—you are the child of my heart,—you have grown up at my side,—I can never love another daughter;—whom ever you marry, Ellen, wherever you go, your home shall be my home.'

"No, no, aunt," said Ellen, hiding her tearful face on the bosom of her faithful friend, 'I shall never marry,—*never*.' And before Mrs. Dunbar could reply, she gave her good-night kiss and left the room.

"Is it possible she could have understood me?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar. After a little reflection, she quieted her apprehensions with the thought that she had a hundred times before spoken just as plainly, and Ellen had not suspected what she meant. She was like the child who, shutting his own eyes, fancied no one could see him.

"Ought I not," Ellen said, in her self-examination, 'to have obeyed the first impulse of my heart, and when Fletcher appealed to me, to have told him frankly my opinion of Matilda?' After much meditation, the response of her conscience was a full acquittal. She had done all that the circumstances of the case and her relations to the parties allowed, in withholding her 'God speed' till Fletcher's ripened judgment should authorise his decision. She reflected that Matilda's character had seemed to her to have the same radical faults six years before that it had now, and that, in spite of them, Fletcher loved her then. Perhaps she judged those faults too strictly. Perhaps her judgment was tinged by her self-love; for she was conscious that, in the points so offensive to her, she was constitutionally the opposite of Matilda Preston.

"With all Matilda's fine taste, with her susceptibility to opinion, and her eager desire of praise, she was no favourite. Her intense selfishness would penetrate all disguises, her consciousness of herself was always apparent,—there was never a spontaneous action, word, or look. In all this she was the very opposite of Ellen, who, most strictly watchful of the inner world, let the outer take care of itself. This gave a freedom and simplicity to her manners, and a straightforwardness to all her dealings, that inspired confidence. Matilda, in the midst of her most brilliant career, had, whenever silent, an expression of care and dissatisfaction,—a rigidity and contraction of the upper lip (often criticised as the only imperfection of her beauty), that betrayed the puerile anxieties in which she was involved, the web she was perpetually weaving or ravelling. There is no such tell-tale as the human countenance; or rather we should say (with more reverence), God has set his seal of truth upon it, and no artifice has ever yet obscured the Divine impression. Ellen Fitzhugh's lovely face was the mirror of truth, cheerfulness, and affection.

"There is no use," thought Ellen, as she pursued the meditations in which we left her, 'in trying to conceal my feelings: I cannot,—I never did in my life,—I must just set to work and overcome them. Dear Mrs. Dunbar, all those sweet fancies that you and I have been so busily weaving, the last six years, must be sacrificed at once and for ever; and I must just learn to think of Fletcher, as I did when a little girl,—as a dear, kind brother;—that should be,—it *shall be*, enough.' This resolution was made with many showers of tears, and sanctified with many prayers, ejaculated from the depths of her heart; and, once made, she set about with most characteristic promptness, contriving the means for carrying it into execution."

Here we are reluctantly compelled to pass over all the incidents of a costume ball, and other events, by which Fletcher and Matilda met and revived their old admiration, and their pledge was mutually renewed. Meantime Fletcher, in inspecting some of his deceased father's papers, discovered a fact of which he had not previously been aware: that his father had died involved in debt to Ellen's father, Selden Fitzhugh, who had behaved on the occasion of the failure with a noble and confiding generosity to the

broken-hearted and dying man. This debt Fletcher felt himself constrained, by the impulse of a high-minded, honourable spirit, to discharge; and he made Matilda his confidant, fully expecting her generous sympathy with his intention. But he miscalculated and misunderstood her character.

"Matilda, after much agitating self-deliberation, called her mother to her counsel. Mrs. Preston was the prototype of her daughter, save that what was but in the gristle with the daughter, had hardened into bone with the mother, and save that Matilda, from having had an education superior to Mrs. Preston's, had certain standards and theories of virtue in her mind's eye, that had never entered the mother's field of vision. Matilda, too, from having been all her short life in fashionable society, did not estimate it at so high a rate as her mother, who had paid for every inch of ground she had gained there.

"Matilda related her last interview with Fletcher, and showed his note. 'Do you believe,' said Mrs. Preston, after reading it, 'that Fletcher Dunbar will be so absurd as to adhere to this plan?'

"'I am sure he will. He is perfectly inflexible when he makes up his mind to what he thinks a duty, however ridiculous it may appear to others.'

"'Of course, my dear, you are absolved from your engagement.'

"'If I choose to be.'

"'If you choose! My dear Matilda, you know how much it was against my wishes that you should form this engagement,—that you should give up the most brilliant match in the city for what, at the very best, would be merely a genteel establishment. But the idea of your going into the shade at once, giving up everything, and living perhaps at lodgings, or setting up housekeeping with two servants that you must look after all day, and spend your evenings making your husband's shirts, by a single astral lamp, ride in an omnibus (you might ride in that splendid carriage), and treat yourself, perhaps, to one silk gown a-year,—and all for what? To humour the notions of a young man, who is in no respect superior to Garston, except that he is rather taller, and has a straighter nose, and darker, larger eyes—not much larger either.'

"Mrs. Preston had struck a wrong note. Matilda shrunk back from the path her mother was opening, as the images of her two lovers passed before her.

"'Oh, mama, there is a horrid difference between them; and if I only could persuade Fletcher to abandon this notion—'

"'Well, my dear, in my opinion, if he loves you, he will; if he does not, why then you lose nothing, and gain everything. Luckily your engagement is a secret as yet, and you have taken no irretrievable step. Garston was here this morning,—a look could bring him back to you.'

"'But, mama, to give up what I have been so long dreaming of!'

"'Yes, and what every young girl dreams off, and wakes up betimes to pretty dull realities. How should you like, for instance, to wash the breakfast things, and stir up a pudding,—to wash and dress your children, and make a bowl of gruel for your dear mama-in-law?'

"'Oh! detestable!' Matilda pondered for a few moments, and then said, 'I really think, if Fletcher loves me, he will sacrifice his feelings to me. I am sure he owes it to me, after the sacrifice I made to him;—I have certainly proved myself disinterested, but I do not like to be treated as if I could be set aside, and wait for the working of any fancy that comes up. I will tell him so,—I am resolved. He must take the responsibility of deciding it.'

"The evening came, and when the clock struck nine, Fletcher entered Miss Preston's drawing-room, his fine countenance beaming with the serenity and trustfulness of his heart; but Matilda's first look sent a thrill through it, that was like the snapping of the chords of a musical instrument at the moment it is felt to be in perfect tune. She advanced towards him, and gave him her hand as usual, and she smiled; but it was a mere muscular movement—the expression was anything but a smile. Her beautiful face had all the rigidity that a fixed and painful purpose could give to it; but it was a purpose that depended on a contingent, and to that contingent the smile and the responding pressure of her hand were addressed.

"Her eyes were red and swollen, and, for the first time, her dress was not elaborately arranged.

"She spoke first—'You do not love me, Fletcher!'

"'Not love you, Matilda! God only knows how tenderly I love you.'

"'No, Fletcher, you do *not* love me,—the truth has broken upon me with irresistible proof.'

"'What do you mean, Matilda? What have you heard? Surely it is not—it cannot be—'

"'It is, Fletcher. Your note has nullified our engagement. I have judged you by my own heart. I have questioned, examined that, and I am sure that no fancied duty—no *absolute* duty, could have forced me—much less persuaded me at its first intimation, to expose the happiness that was just within our grasp to the hazards of time.'

"Fletcher poured out protestations and prayers, and concluded with assuring Matilda that, 'if she would share with him at the present moment his abated fortune, if she would at once risk the uncertainties that he must encounter, he should be a happier and prouder man than all the wealth in the world could make him.'

"Matilda burst into tears. 'It is not right—it is not generous,' she said, 'to put what you consider a test to me. It is none. You must acquit me of any grovelling care for money. You have but to look six weeks backward to remember, that the first fortune in the city was waiting my acceptance, and fashion and brilliant family connexions. I sacrificed all, without a shadow of regret, to you; and now I am thought very lightly of in comparison with a fancied duty.'

"'A fancied duty? Good Heaven!'

"'A real duty, then; but so questionable, that nine men out of ten would pronounce it no duty at all. It is *not* the money. I care as little for that as you can; but it is the terrible truth you have forced on me,—you do not love me.'

"'Matilda, you wrong yourself,—you wrong me.'

"'Prove it to me, then, Fletcher. Let our relations be what they were yesterday,—burn those letters, and forget them.'

"'Never!' cried Fletcher, indignantly, 'so help me God,—never.'

"'Then the tie that bound us is sundered,—our engagement is dissolved.'

"'Amen!' said Fletcher, and he rushed from the house,—his mind confused and maddened with broken hopes, disappointed affection, and dissolving delusions.

"There is one painful but sure cure for love. The slow-coming, resisted, but irresistible conviction of the unworthiness of the person beloved.

"A little more than two years had passed away, when one bright morning, at the hour of ceremonious visiting, a superb carriage, looking more like a ducal equipage than one befitting a wealthy citizen of a republic, drew up at Mrs. Dunbar's door. The gilded harness was emblazoned with heraldic devices, and a coat of arms was embroidered in gold on the hammer-cloth, and painted on the panels. The coachman and footman, in fresh and tasteful liveries, were in the dickey, and the proprietor of the equipage (in appearance a very inferior part of it) was seated on the box with a friend. Within the coach was a lady magnificently dressed in the latest fashion. She seemed

'A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;'

but she had thwarted the plan,—she had extinguished the 'angel light,'—she had herself closed the gates of Paradise, and voluntarily circumscribed her vision to this world. She had foregone the higher element for which she was destined; but the wings she had folded for ever betrayed by their fluttering her disquietude with the way she had chosen. The face that turned heavenward, would have reflected Heaven, was fixed earthward, and the dark spirits of discontent and disappointment brooded over it.

"There is a baser traffic going on in this world of ours, than that which the poet has immortalised in his history of Faust, carried on under the forms of law, and with the holy seal and super-scription of marriage.

"The lady alighted from the coach, and was on the door-step, awaiting her husband. He did not move. The footman had rung the bell, and Mrs. Dunbar's servant stood awaiting the *entrée*.

"'Are you not going in with me, Ned?' she asked.

"'Not I,—I hate bridal visits.'

"'Oh, come with me, I entreat you,' she said earnestly.

"'It's a bore! I can't. Bob and I will drive round the square, and take you up as we return.'

"The lady looked vexed and embarrassed; but there seemed no alternative.

"Is there much company in the drawing-room, Daniel?" she asked.

"None, ma'am. Miss Ellen, that is, Mrs. Dunbar, the bride, —Miss Ellen that was,—don't see company in a regular way, as it were."

"No? I heard she did. I'll leave my card now."

"While she was taking it from her card-case, the door opened, and Fletcher Dunbar, with a manner the most frank and unembarrassed, advanced, and offered her his hand. 'Pray, Mrs. Garston,' he said, 'do not turn us off with a card; we are at home, and, like all happy people, most happy to hear congratulations.'"

"Matilda Garston had not been under Mrs. Dunbar's roof since the memorable morning when she found Fletcher at his father's desk. How changed was life now to all parties! Fletcher had awakened from the dream of boyhood to a reality of trustful love, to which his 'ripened judgment' had set its seal.

"Ellen, who had resigned her hope of reigning in Fletcher's heart, was now its elected and enthroned queen. She looked like the embodied spirit of home and domestic love and happiness. The two young women contrasted like the types of the spiritual and material world.

"Our good friend, Mrs. Dunbar, was at the acme of felicity. It would have been in vain for her to try to repress the overflowing of her heart, and try she did not. It sparkled and ran over like a brimming glass of champagne.

"I am truly glad to see you here again, Matilda,—Mrs. Garston, I mean," she said; "I really am, my dear. And now we have met, old friends together, I will tell you, that I never had one hard thought—no, not one—at your breaking off with Fletcher. It was providential all round. Fine pictures should have fine frames;—you, my dear, just fit the one you are set in, and our little Ellen was made to be worn, like a miniature, close to the heart. I used to be a believer in *first love*; now I think "*second thoughts best.*" "

ROGER BACON.

Notwithstanding many obstacles to the discovery and diffusion of knowledge, there was a visible intellectual progress, to which that great luminary of the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon, most effectually contributed. This prodigy of his age recommended his contemporaries to interrogate Nature by actual experiments, in lieu of wasting time in abstract reasonings. "No man," says he, "can be so thoroughly convinced by argument that fire will burn, as by thrusting his hand into the flames." Bacon himself spent two thousand pounds (a great sum in those days) in constructing instruments and making experiments, in the course of twenty years; and it is a well-known fact, that by these experiments he made many discoveries which have excited the astonishment of succeeding ages. He despised magic incantations and other tricks, as criminal impositions on human credulity, and affirmed that more surprising works might be performed by the combined powers of art and nature than ever were pretended to be performed by magic. "I will now," says he, "mention some of the wonderful works of art and nature in which there is nothing of magic, and which magic could not perform. Instruments may be made by which the largest ships, with only one man guiding them, will be carried with greater velocity than if they were full of sailors; chariots may be constructed, that will move with incredible rapidity without the help of animals; instruments of flying may be formed, in which a man, sitting at his ease, and meditating on any subject, may beat the air with his artificial wings, after the manner of birds; a small instrument may be made to raise or depress the greatest weights; an instrument may be fabricated by which one may draw a thousand men to him by force and against their wills; as also machines which will enable men to walk at the bottom of seas or rivers without danger." Most of the wonders here indicated have been accomplished in modern times, though by means probably very different from those imagined by Roger Bacon. —*Wade's British History.*



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

As we have no present means of answering the writer of the following letter, we put it before our readers, on account of its own nature, and also in the hope that it may be instrumental in drawing attention to the matter, and enabling us to procure information of a satisfactory nature:—

"Mr. Editor,—In the year 1836, my attention was called to one means of making a provision for a time when I should be less able to work, by an article in the 'Household Almanack,' under the head of 'Savings-Bank Annuities;' in which it was stated that, by paying 3s. 6d. a week into a savings-bank for twenty-one years, a man may secure an annuity of 20l. a year for the remainder of his life; and that if the purchaser, from any cause, should afterwards be unable to continue his payment, he might have the whole of his money returned, upon giving three months' notice; or, if the purchaser should die at any time before the period at which the annuity should commence, the whole of the money would be returned to his family. This I thought excellent, and just the thing for a working man like myself, with a wife and one child, and nothing but the wages of my labour to depend upon. I consequently made application at the office of a savings-bank in an adjoining county-town, where I then resided, and was disappointed to find the managers would not be troubled with that part of the business. I have since made inquiry at savings-banks in one or two smaller towns, and always received an answer to the same effect:—Thus my 'good intentions' were frustrated, (and good intentions, somehow or other, are more apt to be frustrated than bad ones,) and I find myself four years older, with two more children to support, and bread double the price it was then; consequently, I am less able to make such a provision against age, illness, or misfortune. But, however, I am very anxious to do something now; as the old proverb says, 'Better late than never.'"

"I have read many papers lately, in yours and Chambers's Journal, and one in a late Number of the 'Quarterly Review,' on Life Assurance, but I am inclined to think better of a deferred annuity as a resource for men in my situation. A broken limb, rheumatism, loss of work, or a thousand chances in the course of years, may make me unable to continue the payment of the premiums; and then all I had paid would be forfeited, and the policy lost to my family. But there is one, the National Loan Fund Society, which effects these deferred annuities in a similar way to the savings-bank, and they have their agents in almost every town. I had made up my mind to deposit two or three shillings a week in this society, when I chanced to drop on the article in the 'Quarterly;' which, in cautioning one against a parade of names, (the first is the Duke of Somerset,) and to distrust any society that promised too many benefits, glaced me in doubt and uncertainty again.

"Now, Mr. Editor, if you can inform me where and how I may endeavour to purchase one through the savings-bank—for I suppose it is to be done—in London, if nowhere else—and with the New Postage the money can be transmitted without much expense—or whether the National Loan Fund Society is conducted by 'cautious, clever, discriminating actuaries, and prudent, honourable, and accumulating but not grasping directors;' you will confer an obligation on one who may live to bless the day you first opened your 'Literary Letter-Box.' AN OPERATIVE."

E.—"Some time ago, in one of the public journals, I noticed some observations respecting Light, the tendency of which was to prove the materiality of it by its effects on solutions of muriate and prussiate of potassa, when placed in a situation to be crystallised. I am perfectly conscious that the crystallisation of these salts may be produced at any time at the will, by allowing the light to enter into the vessels containing these solutions; but I certainly cannot come to the conclusion that these facts in any way go to prove its materiality, but only that light possesses an influence of some nature upon certain bodies, but truly not a material one. If you will favour me with your opinion (through the medium of the 'Literary Letter-Box') upon this subject, it will greatly oblige me."

We do not understand why our correspondent supposes that light is not material. It is true that it cannot be weighed, and it may possibly have no weight; but surely this does not prove it to be immaterial. Weight is a property of every substance which our own limited senses and powers afford us means of weighing; but there may be substances of which weight is not a property, or, still more likely, substances whose weight is so inconceivably small that it cannot be appreciated by any means which we at present, or ever

may, possess. It has, we believe, been demonstrated that light consists of rays of different colours; that it travels at the rate of about 192,000 miles in a second; that in vacuo, or in a uniform medium, it moves in straight lines, but that when it enters another medium, it is bent or diffracted at different angles, according to the nature of that medium; that, when it strikes a reflecting body, it is thrown back at different angles, according to the manner in which it strikes that body; and so on. Now, if these properties of light do not show that the substance to which they belong is a material substance, we cannot imagine in what sense our correspondent uses the word *material*.

T. F.—“I understand that the fossil remains of plants and animals found in the various strata of rocks which compose the crust of the earth, are always in a petrified state. Now what is petrification? how or by what process is it that a bone or plant turns into stone, and what proof is there that such is the case?—When geologists discover a stone of the shape of a branch of a tree, or of the skeleton of an animal, is it merely from the form of such a stone, or pieces of stone, that they conclude them to have been plants or animals; or if not, from what premises do they draw such conclusions?”

“Petrification” is one half from the Greek, and the other half from the Latin; but as the Latins had adopted the Greek half into their language, both portions of the word probably came to us immediately from the Latin. The latter portion of the word, from the Latin *facio*, “to do, make, cause,” &c., is in too familiar use to need remark; but there is much interesting matter connected with the former half, *πέτρα*—whence the Latin *petra*,—which is preserved, with more or less modification, in all the languages derived from the Latin: it means a rock, or, in strict propriety, a projecting rock, a cliff. Hence the Greeks gave the name of *Petra* to several cities built upon rocks, or in rocky situations: among these it was applied, with peculiar propriety, to the famous city—excavated in the tall cliffs of Wady Mousa—of Edom.

The word was applied figuratively to denote a man of firmness and energy—one like a rock; and hence was given by Christ to the famous apostle who had previously borne the name of Simon, in the masculine form of Πέτρος, our Peter. This was in conformity with a custom of the Jewish rabbins, in imposing new and significant names on their disciples; and the name Peter was probably given to him on account of the boldness and usual firmness of his character. This gave occasion to the celebrated allusion which contains the essence of the whole controversy between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants; the peculiarity of which is lost in all the languages which have not preserved the word in its original meaning. Speaking to Peter after his noble declaration, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,” Jesus said to him, “Thou art Peter (*petros*, a rock), and upon this rock (*petra*, a rock) I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” (Matt. xvi. 18.) The double allusion is well preserved in the Latin—“Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam;” and as well, or better, in the French—“Vous êtes Pierre, et sur cette pierre je bâtirai mon église.” &c.

As this is the usual word for a rock, or stone, it occurs in Scripture whenever a rock or stone is mentioned.

To return to the word *petrification*—it may be observed, that although one half of it is found in Greek, and both halves in Latin, it does not exist as a whole in the latter language, (except as a modern fabrication, *petrificacio*), nor, of course, in the former. The usual meanings of the word *petrification* are well known, but may be mentioned—1, the act of turning to stone; 2, the state of being turned to stone; 3, that which is made stone.

The word *petrification* was applied to those fossil remains (*fossil* meaning anything dug out of the earth) which began to attract attention at the dawn of the science of geology. But though a large proportion of fossils are petrifications, they are not all so; some are only partially petrified, and many actual bones have been dug out of the earth: the bones of an extinct species of elephant have been found in such quantities in Siberia as to be exported as ivory. The words “organic remains” are now employed as the more correct designation of fossil plants and animals. An animal body putrifies before it petrifies; the softer parts are all evaporated, and only the harder remain. Plants leave their mark, stamp, or shape; trunks of trees have been found actually turned into stone; and bones—sometimes nearly an entire skeleton—have been found imbedded in stone. Coal has been proved to be of vegetable origin; that is, plants buried in the earth at some remote period have been gradually mineralised, or converted into the mineral called coal. Our correspondent must acquire some outside knowledge of chemistry, before he can have a guess as to the process of petrification; but if he knows that a large portion of organic remains are found in limestone; that his own bones contain carbonate of lime; that stones are often formed in the human body, by the deposition of earthy matter; and that millions of little creatures go to the formation of coral reefs, and that the work of their formation is perpetually going on, he may attain an indistinct idea of the matter.

As to how geologists understand the character or nature of fossil bones, that is done by comparative anatomy, by which men of marvellous sagacity have attained to such a knowledge of the principles or laws by which the bodies of animals are constructed, that they can decide upon the character of a creature never seen alive by mortal man, and of whose remains perhaps only a few bones have been found.

K. L. M., KIRKMUUR.—“Can you inform me, and your other readers who are equally ignorant, of the reason that, at different periods since the properties of the loadstone were discovered, and its application to the mariner's compass, its variation from the true magnetic poles has at different periods been found to be very different, in the same latitude. For instance, that 250 years ago, the variation of the compass at a given place was very different (being, I believe, then east, instead of west as at present, in the latitudes of Great Britain) from what it is at the present time.”

The true cause of the variation alluded to is yet among the undiscovered secrets of nature. The immediate cause of the variation of the magnetised needle has been satisfactorily ascertained to be the change in the position of the attracting axis, or, as it is termed, the magnetic pole, which, it appears, regularly revolves at the rate of $4^{\circ} 14'$ in the space of ten years. In the year 1659 or 1660—it is not quite certain which—the magnetic needle pointed at London due north; and from that time till 1818, when it reached its extreme limit of variation, $24^{\circ} 30'$, it continued to approach the west. Since 1818, its annual progress has been towards the east.

Various hypotheses have been proposed, explanatory of these magnetic phenomena, but the facts hitherto ascertained are too few to establish any theory on a certain basis. A very great difficulty is presented by the local attraction caused by the irregular form and consistence of the globe itself, which is so great that the compass does not turn to precisely the same leading point in any two places in the world. Another obstacle to those exact observations which are necessary to arrive at the truth is, that many must necessarily be taken on shipboard; and these are liable to error, from several causes.

One object of the expedition recently sent out under Captain J. C. Ross, is the establishment of permanent magnetic observatories at different points, where a series of well-conducted experiments may, it is hoped, ultimately establish such facts as may lead to a satisfactory solution of the great question of the cause of the variation of the compass.

Our correspondent may not be aware that, besides the annual variation, there is also a diurnal one, on which, for a series of years, very interesting observations have been made by Colonel Beaufoy, and published in the “Philosophical Transactions.” This seldom exceeds $15'$ in the course of the day, and appears to be caused by the action of the sun, and to be dependent on the relative position of that body with the magnetic meridian. It commences early in the morning, moving westward, returning in the evening, and remaining nearly stationary at night. It is greatest in June and August, and least in July and December.

BURNISLAND.—“A constant reader and admirer of the ‘London Saturday Journal’ would be happy if, through the medium of the above-mentioned periodical, you could inform him what the mottoes were that were borne or inscribed upon the Roman and Grecian standards.”

The invention of standards began among the Egyptians, who bore an animal at the end of a spear; but among the Græco-Egyptians, the standards either resemble at top a round-headed table-knife, or an expanded semicircular fan. Among the earlier Greeks, it was a piece of armour at the end of a spear; though Agamemnon, in Homer, uses a purple veil to rally his men, &c. Afterwards the Athenians bore the olive and owl; the other nations the effigies of their tutelary gods, or their particular symbols, at the end of a spear. The Corinthians carried a Pegasus; the Messenians their initial M, and the Lacedæmonians A. Dr. Meyrick gives the following account of the Roman standards:—

“Each century, or at least each maniple of troops, had its proper standard and standard-bearer. This was originally merely a bundle of hay on the top of a pole; afterwards a spear with a cross piece of wood on the top, sometimes the figure of a hand above—probably in allusion to the word *manipulus*, a handful—and below a small round or oval shield, generally of silver or of gold. On this metal plate were anciently represented the warlike deities, Mars or Minerva; but after the extinction of the Commonwealth, the effigies of the emperors or their favourites. It was on this account that the standards were called *Numina Legionum*, ‘the Gods of the Legions,’ and held in religious veneration. The standards of different divisions had certain letters inscribed on them, to distinguish the one from the other. The standard of a legion, according to Dio, was a silver eagle with expanded wings, on the top of a spear, sometimes holding a thunderbolt in its claws; hence the word *Aquila* was used to signify a legion.

The place for this standard was near the general, almost in the centre. Before the time of Marius, figures of other animals were used, and it was then carried in front of the first manipule of the Triarii. The *Vexillum*, or flag of the cavalry (that of the infantry being called *Signum*), was, according to Livy, a square piece of cloth, fixed to a cross-bar on the end of a spear. The Labarum, borrowed by the Greek emperors from the Celtic tribes, by whom it was called *Liab*, was similar to this. The Dragon was also used as a standard by the Romans, who borrowed it from the Dacians. It may be seen represented on the Trajan Column and the Arch of Titus, at Rome. Vegetius mentions *Pinnæ*—perhaps aigrettes of feathers of different colours, intended for signals or rallying-points. Animals fixed upon plinths, with holes through them, are frequently found; they were ensigns intended to be placed on the end of spears. Ensigns upon colonial coins, if accompanied by the name of the legion—but not otherwise,—show that the colony was founded by the veterans of that legion."

PAISLEY.—"Are the Jews allowed to possess land, and enjoy all the privileges of other citizens in the United States of America?"—Yes. A Jew born in the United States may become President of the republic.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

RESEMBLANCE OF THE DANISH LANGUAGE TO THE LOWLAND SCOTCH.

The modern Danish appears to be directly sprung from the Norse, or ancient Danish language. The resemblance which many Danish phrases bear to broad Scotch is very striking. A native of Angushire, who has long resided in Denmark, told us that when he first settled at Copenhagen he made a very liberal use of his native dialect, and always found that good Scotch made bad (that is, intelligible) Danish. The sound of Danish, as spoken by all classes, is exceedingly like that which characterises the Scotch of the lower classes of Edinburgh.—*Bremner's Denmark*.

CRITICISM.

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is most tormenting! I would go fifty miles on foot—for I have not a horse worth riding on—to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give the reins of his imagination into his author's hands,—be pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.—*Sterne*.

DANGER.

"Think there's any danger, Mister Meannaggeery-man, from that boy-contractor?"—"Oh, no," said the man; "the serpent don't bite, he swallows his vitals whole."—*Yankee Miscellany*.

LACONICS.

Is there any station so happy as an unconnected place in a small community, where manners are simple, where wants are few, where respect is the tribute of probity, and love is the guerdon of beneficence?—*Landor*.

It is more honourable to the head as well as the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it.—*Coleridge*.

When an insect dips into the surface of a stream, it forms a circle round it, which catches a quick radiance from sun or moon, while the stiller water on either side flows without any: in like manner, a small politician may attract the notice of the king or the people, by putting into motion the pliant element around him; while quieter men pass utterly away, leaving not even this weak expression, this momentary sparkle.—*Landor*.

We must get at the kernel of pleasure through the dry and hard husk of truth.—*Haslitt*.

Absence is the invisible and incorporeal mother of ideal beauty.—*Landor*.

There are proud men of so much delicacy, that it almost conceals their ride, and certainly excuses it.—*Landor*.

The fault of the old English writers was, that they were too prone to unlock the secrets of nature with the key of learning, and often to substitute authority in the place of argument.—*Haslitt*.

Imagination is little less strong in our later years than in our earlier. True, it alights on fewer objects; but it rests longer on them, and sees them better.—*Landor*.

The height of all philosophy, both natural and moral, is to know thyself; and the end of this knowledge is to know God.—*Quarles*.

A conversation with a young Irishman of good natural abilities (and among no race of men are those abilities more general) is like a forest walk; in which, while you are delighted with the healthy fresh air and the green unbroken turf, you must stop at every twentieth step to extricate yourself from a briar. You acknowledge that you have been amused, but that you rest willingly, and that you would rather not take the same walk on the morrow.—*Landor*.

A WARNING FOR TOURISTS IN "RHEINLAND."

Ye tourists and travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-frock it;
But if you speak English, or look it, why then
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see old Cologne—not the sweetest of towns,—
Wherever you follow your nose, you will shock it;
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crows:
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll count Seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett;
But, oh, to the tone of romance what a check!—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Old castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill;
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
Once haunts of baronial banditti, and still
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll stop at Coblenz, with its beautiful views;
But make no long stay with your money to stock it:
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

A fortress you'll see, which, as people report,
Can never be captured, save famine should block it;
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that's not their forte,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see an old man, who'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it:
But think that the words of the echo thus run—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the vine!
Of course, you will freely Moselle it and Hock it;
P'rhaps purchase some pieces of Humberghheim wine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the baths,
Where some to their heads hold a pistol, and cock it;
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And friendships you'll swear, most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;
But still, in the most sentimental of acts,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream, or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it;
And where Schinderhannes was robber of yore,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Hood's "Up the Rhine."

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